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Vol. CLXXXIX
No. 2458

and BYSTANDER

London
August 18, 1948

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The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Two Shillings

LONDON

AUGUST 18, 1948

Vol. CLXXXIX. No. 2458

THIS ISSUE

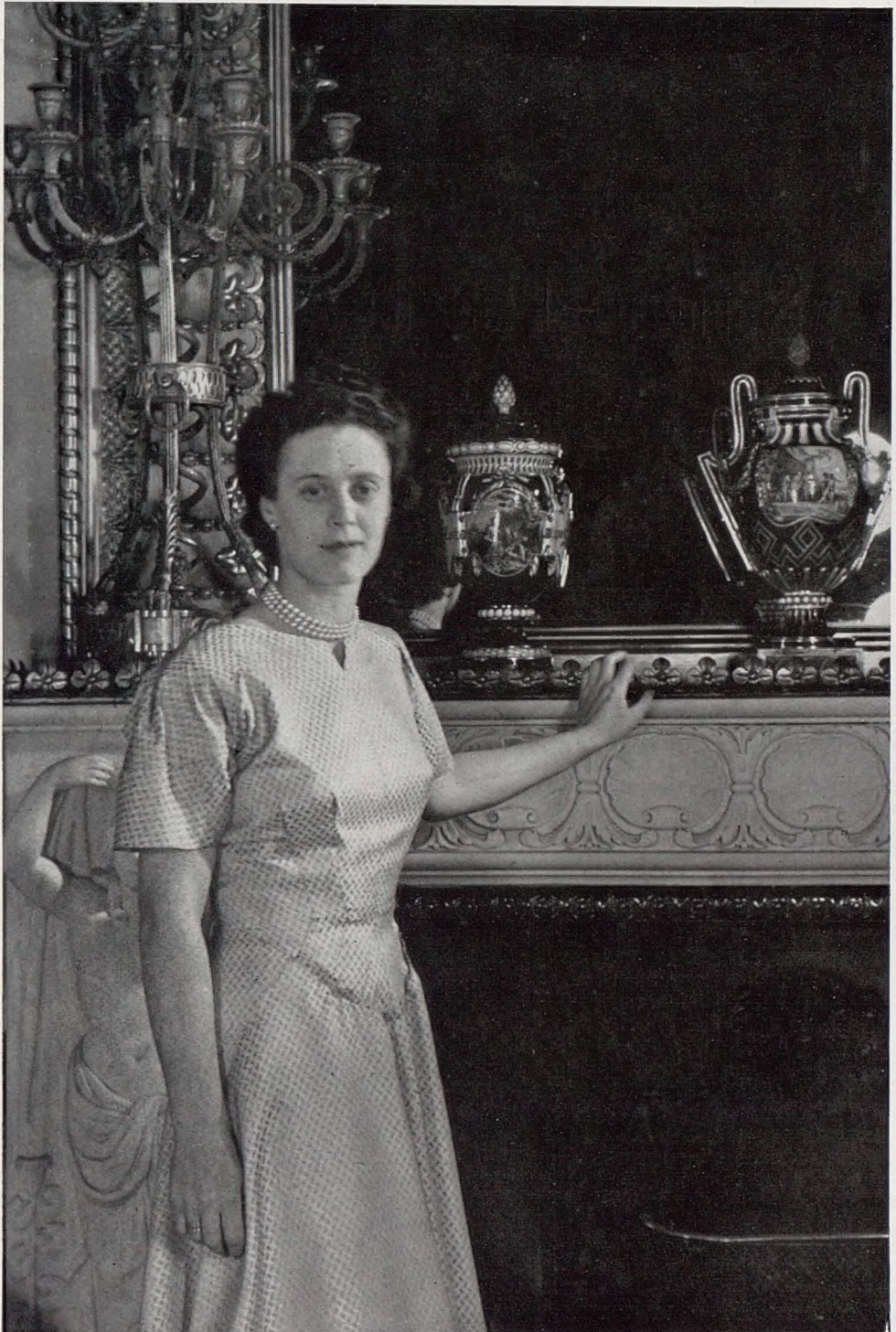
New Nuffield Centre.
Lord Nuffield and many high-ranking Service officers were present at the opening of the Nuffield Centre at Adelaide Street, Strand, whither it has been moved from the old premises in Wardour Street. Pictures on p. 200.

Cowes Regatta.
This famous yachting week suffered many handicaps this year, including the counter-attraction of the Olympic competitions in Torbay, but nevertheless the number of the entries and keenness of the sport were undiminished. Photographs of personalities there will be found on pages 204-5.

Aldershot Olympics.
Several of the events in the Olympic Pentathlon, won by the astonishing Capt. Grut of Sweden, were held in the Aldershot district, and pictures of some of the competitors in the riding, fencing and shooting are on page 206.

A Day By The Sea.
August, ungenial as some of its moods may be, is the traditional holiday month, and its spirit has been faithfully captured in the pictures of the younger generation making merry on the sands at Frinton-on-Sea on pages 208-9.

The Ulster Derby.
The Aga Khan added to his remarkable series of racing wins this season when he captured the Ulster Derby with Soodani at the Maze racecourse, Belfast. See page 210.



LADY MARGARET EGERTON, Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth since 1946, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. John Colville, Private Secretary to the Princess. Lady Margaret, who was a Junior Commander in the A.T.S. during the war, is the fifth daughter of the late Earl of Ellesmere and of Violet, Countess of Ellesmere, and sister of the present Earl. Mr. Colville is the youngest son of the late Hon. George Colville and of Lady Cynthia Colville, who for twenty-five years has been one of Queen Mary's personal attendants



The U.S. Eights Crew winning from Great Britain and Norway during the Olympic rowing finals at Henley. The British eight led for a third of the distance and came in only ten seconds behind the winners. The numbers were put up to guide the oarsmen

Some Portraits in Print

FOR reasons I do not altogether apprehend this journal receives more than its fair share of anonymous letters; letters, that is to say, which either are unsigned or else bear a scrawled *nom-de-plume*. What the writers hope to achieve with these trivialities is similarly outwith my knowledge; but I take the practice to be a maladjusted form of letting off steam which otherwise would inconvenience its human container but which must not be identified as to origin.

It will be readily understood that these communications make a practically uninterrupted leap from one's desk to the ennobling gloom of the waste-paper basket, and finally perform a useful (and their proper) function in adding to salvage. Thus, one is not wholly ungrateful for them—in this strictly limited sense. Nevertheless, they remain a confounded nuisance and an unremitting source of pained wonderment.

WHAT, masters, is one to make of the citizen who writes from the United Service Club and signs himself "A Blimp"? Is this humour of a kind? Is it a glimpse of the blindingly obvious which has a sudden come upon the poor fellow and which he cannot forbear to reveal to at least one other person (your correspondent, unhappily)?

What, pray, does he understand a blimp to be? Does he descry some faded virtue in it, and so must state a claim while there is yet time in a noisy, vulgar world? Can it be that, against every instinct, he has been recently to a cinema and seen the reissue of the film, *Life and Death Of Colonel Blimp* instantly to identify himself with the name-part?

The family tree of blimp, the word, is not difficult to establish. It may be found in Partridge's Dictionary of Slang and is as follows:

Blimp: "A small non-rigid dirigible airship." 1915: military slang: rapidly became colloquialism then jargon. Invented by Horace Shortt.

With profound relief does one think of this correspondent bumping gently, day and night, season in, season out, against the lofty ceilings of the United Service Club; nor is it in the least difficult to visualize him being hauled

down at stated intervals with loving care, being given a couple of whisky-sodas, then being hoisted again to resume his softly solemn bump, bump, bump.

THE foregoing is by the way and has nothing whatever to do with a further piece of correspondence which I now print. It comes from Sir Shenton Thomas, the former Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Straits Settlements and High Commissioner for the Malay States, who was interned by the Japanese for nearly three and a half years:

"May I supplement Mr. Gordon Beckles's comments upon food parcels in your issue of July 21. The following information was given to me by the head of the Ministry of Food Gifts Allocation Centre (Mr. Dalgleish) in Oxford Street, in the premises formerly occupied by Tautz, the breeches maker, and nearly opposite to Marble Arch Tube Station.

"In 1946 and 1947 the Centre handled more than one million cases of gift food, each case weighing fifty-sixty pounds. In addition, the Centre estimates that seventeen million private parcels were received in 1947 and of these seventy-five per cent might safely be said to be food parcels. Thus, during 1946 and 1947 we have received in parcels two hundred thousand tons of food, most of it coming from the Empire.

"I ASKED the Centre why this wonderful generosity was not widely published. The reply was that the Press have been given the figures, and the Centre cannot require publication. The *Daily Telegraph* had a reasonably full statement, but this was an exception.

"There is also the fact that some of the Dominions, e.g. Australia, have arranged for their people to surrender their food coupons so that more food may be available for export.

"Is it possible for THE TATLER to give a lead in this matter by publishing the more full information which the Centre can furnish and by inducing the Press generally to follow suit? I agree entirely with Mr. Beckles that it is up to the individual recipient to return thanks, but is it not also up to the Press to tell the public what is going on?

"I am certain that appreciative references to this generosity in the British Press would readily be reproduced in the Dominions."

I will look into the possibilities suggested by Sir Shenton, and see if anything can usefully be done. There is no doubt in my mind that, on the whole, the country has made inadequate thanks to our kinsmen.

ONE of the shrewder of my friends has made a bet which is worth a passing notice. With a sharp and ruminative eye upon the current trends in women's fashions, he lays that "Mrs. Bloomer's centenary will see our ladies dressed, as near as dammit, as she was." For information, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, editor of a temperance journal named *The Lily*, which was published at Seneca Falls, New York, first brought the full Bloomer Costume to the notice of the world on July 23, 1851, at a ball held in the cotton-manufacturing town of Lowell, Massachusetts. We thus have a shade less than three years to wait for what may be a remarkable event in both the world of betting and of fashion.

For myself, I have always had an abiding admiration for the bold and forthright Mrs. Bloomer with whom, illogically, I always couple the name of Mrs. Beeton; anyhow, they both were great women. Mrs. Bloomer did not, it seems, have any very strong objections to the upper part of women's dress as she then saw it.

But, I beg you, listen to her rich and rolling phrases as she speaks of the "essential" (sic) portion: "We would have a skirt reaching down to nearly halfway between the knee and the ankle, and not made quite so full as in the present fashion. Underneath this skirt, trousers moderately full, in fair, mild weather coming down to the ankle (not instep) and there gathered in with an elastic band. The shoes or slippers to suit the occasion. For winter, or wet weather, the trousers also full, but coming down into a boot which should rise some three or four inches at least above the ankle. This boot should be gracefully sloped at the upper edge and trimmed with fur, or fancifully embroidered, according to the taste of the wearer."

The dear, tea-drinking old costume reformer adduced many advantages which would follow the use of her ideas. There would be less soiling from the muddy state of the streets; it would be cheaper than an ordinary dress, as having a less quantity of material in it; it would be more durable because the lower edge of the skirt would not be exposed to attrition upon the ground; it would be more convenient owing to less frequent changes to suit the weather; it would require a less bulky wardrobe; it would more easily be made cooler in summer and warmer in winter than ladies' ordinary dresses; and it would be conducive to health by the avoidance of damp skirts hanging about the feet and ankles in wet weather. She possibly did not know that "bloomers" had for centuries before her—and since—been worn by women in the East; but her heart was certainly warmed when in Washington, Lycoming, Hartford, Syracuse and Rochester the gals followed her lead.

The local newsprints in those places noted its adoption generally with much commendation, as having both elegance and convenience and not being open to any charge of indelicacy, except by a misuse of that word.

It must now be confessed—and I hope my betting friend is seized of these facts—that in the autumn of that year an American lady lectured on the subject in London dressed in black satin jacket, skirt and trousers, and urged upon her English cousins the adoption of the new costume; this and, alas! all similar attempts in England, failed to do more than raise foolish merriment upon the subject. It was left to the craze for bicycling, much later on, to make the name of Bloomer one of really solid import in these islands; and not, of course, in the manner she had wished.

I CANNOT let the Olympic Games racing at Henley pass without a word of praise, humbly and sincerely offered, for Messrs. J. H. T. Wilson and W. G. R. M. Laurie, who won the Pairs Without Cox event for Great Britain. They won the Silver Goblets in 1938 and then vanished from the ken of rowing men to make their careers in the Sudan political service. My recollections of the Sudan do not lead me to believe that it is the best place in the world for keeping in rowing trim. Yet when these two men came home on leave last May they went into training intent on having another crack at the Goblets, and behold! they won it once more.

I saw them do so and asked, of expert friends, what their chances might be in the Olympics. It was thought that they would fall to the Swiss pair after a game struggle. In fact, the reverse was the case. Bearing the weight of thirty-three years each upon their shoulders they rowed magnificently and brought home the bacon, and with something to spare. Sirs, well rowed indeed.

AN exhibition of paintings by the Irish artist, Jack B. Yeats, opened at the Tate Gallery on August 14 and will continue until September 15. Admission is free.

The exhibition contains eighty-one oil paintings, including works from 1914 to this day, and is the largest and most representative of this artist yet to be shown in London. Of all living painters Yeats is the most essentially a colourist and he uses colour in a personal and subtle way. The inspiration of his native country can be seen both in the subjects of everyday life around him, which he has recreated in his pictures, infusing them with a dramatic and mysterious quality and in the lovely and everchanging colour of the land itself and its atmosphere. Yeats gives to the scenes he has witnessed or to those he has imagined a poetic significance which makes his paintings more than just examples of lovely colouring.

As You Don't Know

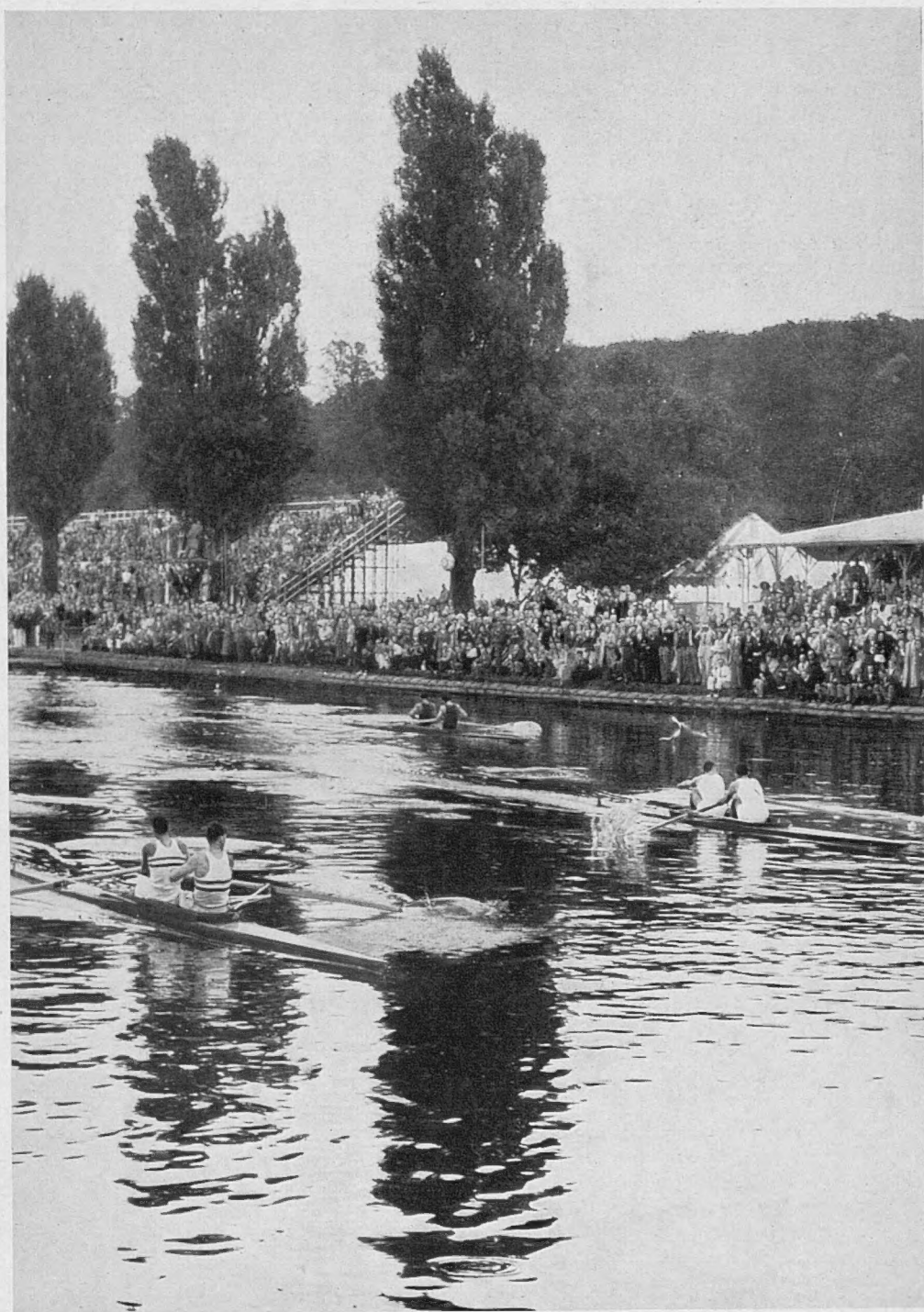


You recollect (by which he means, of course, We haven't the beginnings of a clue)
That Pimpleface, Sir Alfred Nobble's horse
Which, as you are aware (repeat line 2),
Would have romped home at Penge in '35
Had it not been for that amazing spill—
Amazing that the horse came out alive,
Since Tugg, as you'll recall (like hell we will)—
"Runaway" Tugg, not Jim the "Dopey Kid"—
Broke thirteen collar-bones—those men were tough—
And, as you know. . .



Now listen, if we did,
Why in the name of thunder write the stuff?
We *don't* remember, we can *not* recall,
We *aren't* aware, we are not telling *you*,
You're telling *us*, and we know nothing at all
As *you well know*. . . Heavens, we've caught it too!

—Justin Richardson



GREAT BRITAIN WINNING in the Pairs Without Cox at Henley from Switzerland (centre) and Italy. The British pair, J. H. T. Wilson, stroke, and W. G. R. M. Laurie, bow, exercised brilliant timing and strategy to give Britain its first win of the regatta, in which British performances in general did much to atone for disappointments in other sections of the Olympic Games

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Crime Passionnel"
(Garriick)

M. JEAN-PAUL SARTRE enjoys a continuing vogue in Paris as the exponent in drama and fiction of the newish philosophy called Existentialism. What that may be only a philosopher can explain. The unphilosophic may arrive covered with blood and sweat and tears at some sort of definition (as, for instance, that there are no values external to man and that man, by accepting the responsibility for choosing his own values, determines what he himself is to be), but next day they have forgotten their neat formula. Enough for glory if they can still pronounce "Existentialism" with easy familiarity.

Fortunately M. Sartre is an excellent story-teller, and his latest play to be translated into English by Miss Kitty Black can be enjoyed as *Hamlet* is enjoyed, for its dramatic tensions, its study of character and its sardonic humour rather than for anything it may do to advance a philosophic theory.

IT is in a way the theme of *Hamlet*. The thing to be done is the assassination of a Central European revolutionary leader, and the young revolutionary, an idealist and a poet (also, incidentally, the leader's confidential secretary), considers, examines, weighs, intensely imagines the deed, and ever hesitates to do it.

Yet the story is no pale copy of *Hamlet*'s

story. Hugo and his young wife, who have neither of them grown up, exist in their own right. He has been nominated by the extremist section of the party to shoot a leader suspected of being about to compromise with his opponents, and he is so young that life is still to him quite unreal. His marriage is no marriage, merely a boy and girl affair, and he has undertaken to assassinate his employer because to him a certain set of political principles are not means to an end but an end in themselves, immutable and sacred.

IN contact with the leader the boy and his wife begin to grow up. Hoederer, the leader, is a grown man with the courage of his experience. He argues that successful revolutions are not made without judicious compromise, and the boy, though still clinging automatically to his sacred principles, is so shaken by Hoederer's practical good sense and general honesty that spiritually he abandons his mission.

But the girl, coming under the impact of Hoederer's personality to sudden womanhood, falls in love, flings herself at his head and is reluctantly accepted as a mistress. The boy, opening the door at the wrong moment, kills, not to further a political ideal, not even in jealousy, but because he believes the other man to be unprincipled.

Later he is to learn that the extremists themselves have adopted the dead leader's compromise, but having chosen his own values and determined his own position (here presumably Existentialism rears its enigmatic head), he elects to be shot for the principles which his own party has abandoned. "Hooray for principle" as the man in *Pickwick* said.

THE piece (however irreverently we receive its philosophy) is intensely theatrical and it is finely acted by all concerned. Mr. Michael Gough, as the young man with nerves, gives an extremely exciting performance. He is a more robust Stephen Haggard, and his playing never fails either to reproduce the tension of the neurotic or to suggest that something of genuine worth is struggling for the chance to develop.

Hoederer is finely and solidly presented by Mr. Basil Sydney. When the leader dares his secretary to shoot, Mr. Sydney discovers precisely that quality of calculating courage which I once saw (not without a great deal of trepidation) Michael Collins, the Irish revolutionary, show in similar circumstances. Miss Joyce Redman finds in the young wife the most suitable part that has come her way for some time. Very effectively she turns masculine abstractions to ridicule.



Members of the Proletariat Party of Illithya mix their politics with tommy-guns. Hugo (Michael Gough), the intellectual assassin, hesitates once again while his wife (Joyce Redman) tries to allay the suspicions of Hoederer (Basil Sydney), the party secretary. Brian Carey and Max Brimmell, as Hoederer's bodyguards, view Hugo with mistrust and unintelligent dislike



Photograph by Denis de Marney

YOLANDE DONLAN, who is the enchanting, red-headed Lucrece of *Cage Me A Peacock*, is one of our most successful theatrical importations from the U.S. of recent years. Daughter of Jimmy Donlan, the Broadway and Hollywood comedian, she started her career as a singer and ballet dancer. Her father told her, "If you want to be a success on the stage, learn to talk," advice which she took to heart and followed to good purpose. She made an immediately favourable impression on London audiences in the comedy *Born Yesterday* which had over a year's run, and now after playing in the short-lived *Rocket To The Moon* she has made another considerable hit in Noel Langley's musical frolic at the Strand Theatre, in which she also sings "The Greeks had a word for me!"

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Soothing Charms

AFTER a month abroad without seeing a single film a return to the cinema can seem a forbidding prospect. In fact, I was let down very gently. Arriving in London about half-past nine one morning off the ferry boat train from Paris, at half-past ten I was sitting in the Rialto, watching the long-awaited René Clair comedy *Le Silence Est d'Or*.

The transition was almost too smooth. International awards had been showered on M. Clair and on his star, Maurice Chevalier, when the film was shown in the first year after the war. The gentle nostalgic charms of the old-world Paris of the Boulevards must then have been balm for war-spent nerves. To-day the charms have almost too poignantly the same faded, elderly, tired air which France itself presents to the affectionate visitor.

It would be difficult to think of two more expert partners than Clair and Chevalier for the evocation of bygone Paris—in the period here of the earliest silent films. Chevalier, discarding like Chaplin the straw hat that we knew as his badge, has grown elderly with surprising grace to give a really remarkable character performance as an old troupier turned photographer turned pioneer film director. Some of the old dash, the old impudence is there in the good-natured cynic who warns his sentimental young friend that the only way to enjoy himself is never to take a woman seriously, but to remember that for every one he loses there are ten better fish in the sea. All the old tricks, however, including the famous underlip, are marvelously held in check, mellowed to allow the cynical philanderer to slide smoothly into the most pathetic of all passions, the ridiculous devotion of an ageing man for a pure young girl.

FOR this is the most hackneyed of triangle stories, of vehicles for ageing stars. There has always been one soft spot in the cynic's heart—for the woman who didn't marry him. When her daughter turns up stranded in Paris, he revolutionizes his whole life to protect the girl against the dangers of Paris, and even when she persuades him to let her act in some of his primitive pictures he enlists a corps of workers to ensure that all hands are kept off her.

Gradually his chivalry spreads—and Chevalier achieves this with consummate delicacy—until he becomes the victim of an all-consuming passion. Nothing in the plot is unexpected, least of all the ultimate humiliation of seeing Madeleine won from him by his pupil Jacques, successful at last in practising the methods of lady-killing learned from the old master.

This is a French film, however, and French cynicism is the saving difference between Chevalier's performance and those of Laughton,

Jannings or any of the American actors who have wallowed sentimentally in the same part. A cynical sense of his own absurdity sustains the hero throughout and the nice balance struck between cynicism and sentimentality as reverse sides of the same coin creates at least the illusion of veracity.

RENÉ CLAIR, of course, can give us all France with a few bars on a barrel-organ or a street violin, a few chairs and tables outside a cafe, or a few familiar types in a studio. Everything is here except the vitality of *Sous Les Toits de Paris*, *Le Million* or *Quatorze Juillet*. There is fun in the film studio scenes. We see all the old clichés: we watch the snowflakes scattered down and hear Chevalier's voice directing the players. "She is all alone in the snow"—as the heroine appears muffled in the inevitable shawl; the drama of Oriental passion, with a real-life potentate visiting the set and distributing golden necklaces to the humblest hands as well as to the producer. But these and other pleasing touches are only flimsy filling for a picture whose middle sags wretchedly until a new vein of real anguish is struck in the irony of Jacques's progress in his master's ways.

Marcelle Derrien, the usual dewy-eyed French ingénue, and Francois Perier, who is even less attractive but much more sympathetic than the average French *revue jeune premier*, make the young lovers suitably touching. The film as a whole is restful in its sweet, sad way, but I cannot quiet my suspicions that more than a fair share of its pathos derives from associations in the mind of the beholder rather than from great skill in the construction.

ANOTHER gently charming picture, refreshing in quite a different style, is the Swedish *Road to Heaven* at the Academy. Directed by Alf Sjöberg of *Frenzy* it is as different as possible from that Germanic psychological piece. *The Road to Heaven* illustrates the story of an eighteenth-century Swedish tapestry (or mural—I wasn't sure which) and I can only describe the film as a would-be Lutheran *Green Pastures*.

The Lord God—an even more naïf and benign blonde old gentleman than I remember De Lawd in the wonderful Negro film—visits the Court where a young girl is tried for witchcraft to call for her soul when her body is burned. Her betrothed sets out to follow her to Heaven, falls in with Joseph and Mary on their way to Bethlehem but is lured away by Satan to King Solomon's courts of revelry.

It is the progress of this young man Mats (Rune Lindstrom) that we follow almost to the gates of Hell.



My chief criticism of this endearing picture is that the director, in his attempt to convey the simplicity of the primitive peasants, the directness of their vision quite unsurprised by meeting the Holy Family in the snows of Dalecarlia, has not always made matters clear enough to the audience. I found myself often at a loss to tell exactly who was who under their square blonde bobs or to which world they belonged. The continuity is as crude and jerky as that of a primitive tapestry.

Such is the integrity of feeling achieved by the director and almost all his cast, that minor defects cannot seriously mar the film's slow fascination. The pictorial composition of many shots achieves quite extraordinary beauty and the only disappointment was at the end to find Heaven—as so often in pictures or plays which presume to imagine it—so materialist and almost suburban.

MUSIC might also be expected to soothe if not necessarily to charm. Yet the week's only musical film was the only one to arouse savagery in my breast. Perhaps the restfulness of the two Continental films and my own holiday mood combined to make *Night Song* seem even worse than it undoubtedly is. Perhaps in an ordinary crowded week the film might only have seemed ordinarily maudlin and inane, the music perhaps even comfortably soporific instead of aggravatingly pretentious.

No. Nothing could live down the sickly soulful expression assumed by Merle Oberon for Listening to Good Music, or the glibness with which she trots out her favourite composers, three at a time.

The story is a compound of two of Hollywood's most threadbare themes: the one about the Unfinished Piano Concerto, and the one about the Blind Man whose blindness has made him bitter and in need of salvation by a Good Woman. This time the Blind Man (poor Dana Andrews) is a composer and Miss Oberon is music-mad. She complicates things by pretending to be poor and blind, too, so that she can inspire him to finish the concerto. Then because she is really very rich she can give him a prize which enables him to have the concerto played by Artur Rubinstein and an operation to restore his sight.

Either way Miss Oberon wins: if he decides to return to poor blind Mary she can pay for a plane to get there first; if not she is his millionaire patroness on the spot.

IN the circumstances Ethel Barrymore—whose manners, however bored, would certainly be better than to talk à haute voix at a private concert—is some slight comfort; but even the witty Hoagy Carmichael can do nothing with a part which requires him to praise his blind boy-friend's work in such terms as: "It's beautiful baby. Very, very pure." Very pure indeed. It is perhaps only fair to add that the concerto (by Leith Stevens) is not the very worst studio concerto I have ever heard, and is played by Rubinstein in person.

DAVID FRANKLIN, who will be heard in the Glyndebourne Operas' Mozart season at the Edinburgh Festival, is now one of the principal artists at Covent Garden. He was discovered by Mr. John Christie, and sang at Glyndebourne for a short period, then studied in Vienna, and during the war served for five years in the Royal Engineers, returning to civil life with the rank of major. He has made numerous broadcasts, has sung under Barbirolli for the Hallé Society and has appeared with the Sadler's Wells Opera as a guest artist. At Covent Garden he has sung in *Carmen*, *The Magic Flute*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Rigoletto* and *Boris Godounov*, and is seen surrounded with drawings, by Miss Milein Cosman, of some of his rôles



Reception for Spanish Olympic Representatives



Baron and Baroness Beck, the host and hostess, with Lord Morris. The reception was held at 22, Gilbert Street, W.1



Mrs. E. Skinner with Mrs. Derek Seeborn and Lord Ronald Graham, who is the younger son of the Duke of Montrose



Mrs. A. N. Clark, Mrs. M. B. Jordan and Lady Farrer were three more of the guests at the reception



The Olympic representatives, including the Duke de San Lucar, Spanish Chargé d'Affaires in London (second from right), Baron Duell and Señors A. and F. Cadenas, Guitierrez Del Castillo, San Roman and Valoes



Brigadier Bright with Major-Gen. A. J. Boase, Australian Army Representative in the U.K. The Nuffield Centre is now in Adelaide Street, Strand



Major-Gen. J. C. O. Marriott, G.O.C. London District, and formerly Commander of the Guards Division, with Col. J. Moubray

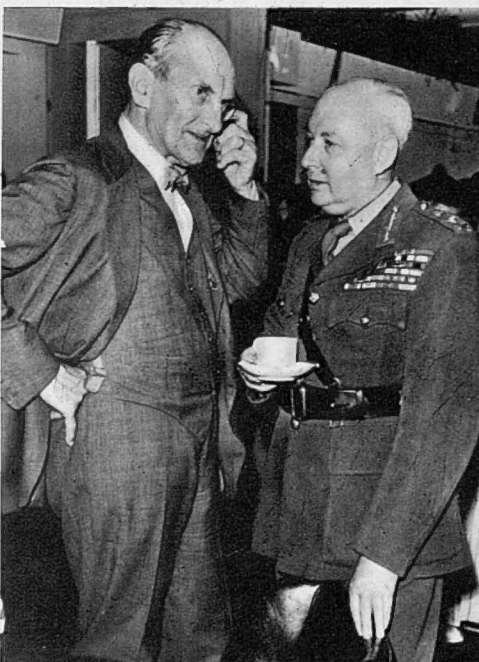
The New Nuffield Centre is Opened



Mr. A. F. Bone with Flight Officer V. Gwynne-James and Flight Officer J. Gray



Mrs. Hugh Trotter offers Lord Nuffield a savoury, while Mr. Trotter looks on



General Sir Charles Bonham-Carter, formerly Governor of Malta, with General Sir James Steele, the Adjutant-General



Cdr. White, R.N., and General Dallas Brooks, Commandant-General of the Royal Marines, were also among the guests



At one table were Mr. Anthony Bull, Miss June Gordon-Finlay, Mr. Bruce Robertson, Miss Patsy Creagh, Capt. Ian Walker, Mrs. Walker, Capt. R. Bromley Gardner and Miss Jean Bower



Another party included Miss Jill Wright, Mr. Robert Gordon, Miss Valerie Over, Mr. Anthony Garven-Cook, Miss Ann Forsell, Lord Edward FitzRoy and Miss Julian Hodgkinson



Miss Mary Chapman and Mr. Hugh Worthington Wilmer were two who were having supper together



Miss Susan James with Mr. Warren Fenwicke-Clelland, who was a member of the Committee



Mr. Michael Hicks (secretary of the Ball), winner of the King's Medal, talking to Miss Jean Duncan

The Senior Term, R.M.A., Pass Out

Recently-Commissioned Officers Hold a Ball in London



There were over three hundred guests at this "Guinea-Pig" Ball, held at the Savoy by young officers from the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst. Above are Miss Marigold Tritton, Mr. John Guise, Miss Joan Deedes, Mr. Harry Robertson and Miss Camilla Torr



Miss Maxine Maxwell-Gumbleton and Mr. J. T. Martineau were also among those who enjoyed the evening



Miss Felicia Keble sitting out one of the extensive programme of dances with Mr. John Osborne



Guessing the Weight of the Cake at the children's annual garden party in aid of Dockland Settlements nursery schools, held by permission of the King at St. James's Palace. Lady Sarah Craven, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Craven, is holding the cake, watched by the Misses Rosemary and Pamela Elliott (left) and the Countess of Craven and Gillian Elliott

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: His Majesty the King, shooting the well-stocked grouse moors of Balmoral, has no game licence. Most sportsmen will be astonished at this statement, but the King, careful always to comply with the law, has not overlooked the Game Laws. He does not need to take out a licence since, by ancient Statute, all game belongs in the last resort to the Crown, just as our roads all come under the category of "The King's Highway," to travel on which the King need pay no tax or fee. This fact is reflected in the absence of number-plates and licence-holders from His Majesty's official cars, though of his own free will he pays ordinary Road Fund taxes for his private car.

To enable him to open the new Session of Parliament in person on September 14th, the King arranged to leave Balmoral on September 10th, travelling south as far as Edinburgh to join the Queen at Holyroodhouse, whither Her Majesty planned to go from Balmoral on September 6th to spend four full days at the Edinburgh Festival.

The Queen is fond of the ancient Palace of Holyrood, and welcomed this opportunity to see Edinburgh in festive attire on a non-State occasion. Race enthusiasts were delighted at the news that the King and Queen, continuing their journey south, planned to break the journey at Doncaster

for the races on September 11th, the first time Royalty has patronised this meeting for many a year. Contrary to expectations, the King decided that he and the Queen would return to Balmoral for the end of the season, leaving London again on the evening after the State opening.

Princess Elizabeth, meanwhile, remains quietly on Deeside until she comes south at the beginning of October to prepare for the birth of her baby, which is expected in the middle of the month.

DANCING at a cocktail party is a pleasant change, and many young guests enjoyed this innovation at the party given by Capt. Michael and the Hon. Mrs. Buller at Claridges for their débutante daughter Iris, a charming and unaffected girl who is really more keen on a country life than a social one. While living in London, Iris has spent a considerable part of her time working on an allotment in Hyde Park, and is a very successful gardener.

Princess Marie Louise, who is Iris's godmother, came to the party with Mrs. Hugh Adams, and many of the young guests had the honour of being presented to Her Highness. Capt. and Mrs. Humphrey Tollemache brought their daughter Jean to the party. Mrs. Robert Grimston was there with her son and daughter, Robert and Rose, and Surgeon-Capt. and Mrs. Alec Ingleby-Mackenzie were there with their daughter Felicity, whom I saw dancing with Mr. Peter McNair.

Other young people enjoying the dancing were Miss Christine Floor, Capt. John Shepherd Baron, Lord Francis Hill's daughter Rosie, Miss Veronica Stourton, the Hon. Harold Tennyson, partnering Miss Una-Mary Nepean-Gubbins, Mr. Francis Dashwood, dancing with Miss Rose Grimston, Miss Mary-Rose Lee-Warner, who lives in Cambridgeshire, Mr. Peter Buchanan, and Miss Evangeline Fitzgerald, dancing with her fiancé, Mr. Michael Jones.

A LARGE number of guests attended the reception given at the Siamese Embassy in Kensington by the Chargé d'Affaires, Luang Phinit Akson, and his wife. Lord Henderson, the newly-appointed Assistant Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, was the recipient of many congratulations from friends who have watched his progressive rise since the early days as a Lord-in-Waiting to the King, and the Whip responsible in the Upper House for answers for several Ministers. The Minister for the Philippines and Mrs. Fernandez were the centre of a group of friends, as were the new Rumanian Minister and Mme. Mihail Macavei, who recently gave an original film party. Sir Maung Ghyee, the Burmese Ambassador, was accompanied by his wife and two daughters, Khin Swe Tint and Khin Swe Myint. The Soviet Ambassador received many inquiries about Mme. Zarubin, who was indisposed.

Siam's many admirers expressed the keenest regret at the departure at his own request, for home, of His Excellency Nai Direck Yayanama, till recently Ambassador here. His Excellency is a stalwart friend of democracy, and led the

pro-Allied underground resistance movement in Bangkok during Japan's occupation. His Excellency had a host of friends in London, who recognised his exceptional mind and splendid loyalty to Siam and Great Britain.

I WENT to a delightful housewarming party given by Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer in Cottage Place, Brompton Square, their charming old Georgian cottage with its most unexpected garden with a lawn, flower beds in full bloom, and even flowering mimosa growing up the walls. They told me the house was originally part of a row of Regency cottages which gave this enchanting backwater its name. Nearly a hundred guests streamed up the wide staircase, which makes such a fine setting for the Sargent picture of Sir Anthony's grandmother and her children. Among the guests I noticed the Countess of Denbigh, Lady Mary Crichton, Lady Savile, with her two sons and her daughter, and the Marchioness of Reading, who came on late from a committee meeting with her daughter and son-in-law, Major Derek and Lady Elizabeth Hornsby. The petite and pretty Countess of Kimberley was admiring the old built-up windows, which have now charming mural landscapes painted on them in the style of the late Rex Whistler.

Also admiring the house, I met the Hon. Julian Mond and his wife, Mr. Patrick O'Donovan, who has just returned from Palestine, Lady Ralli, the Hon. Nigel Bruce, who popped up to the nursery to see the children, Mr. Freddie Shaunessy with his fiancée, Mr. Jack Wilson, who is a connoisseur of antiques, the Hon. Mrs. Chance, Brigadier and Mrs. Rodney Moore, the Hon. Alatheia Fitzalan-Howard, the Hon. Mrs. Wyn-Williams, and Lady Meyer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight, who were talking to Mr. David Renton, who conducts at Covent Garden, and was accompanied by his pretty wife. Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer are now in Cornwall with their two children, and later plan to go to Italy on their own.

THE Allied Circle held a reception recently for the representatives of the National Olympic Committees. Guests were received by the President of the Allied Circle, Lord Dudley Gordon, and Lady Evelyn Jones, the energetic Chairman of the entertainment committee. The Allied Circle has made many representatives from the various countries honorary members during their stay in this country.

Among those I saw in the delightful panelled drawing-room were Sir George Franckenstein, sitting to Sir Eugen Millington-Drake, who is Chairman of the Reception Committee for the

Olympic Games, and with Lady Effie Millington-Drake has given several receptions for Olympic visitors at their house in Hill Street; Viscount and Viscountess Acheson, Lt.-Col. T. Bevan, Col. Archer Cust, Col. R. W. Hills, the Countess of Mayo, Mr. E. J. Holt, who is director of the organising committee for the XIV. Olympics, and representatives of all countries taking part in the Olympic Games, including the following attachés: Dr. Julio Broderman (Cuba), Mr. Paul Grall (France), Sr. Fernandez Davilla (Peru), Capt. Edward Carlbon (Sweden), Mr. Norman Mighell (Australia), and Mr. L. S. Litchfield, Secretary of the Olympic Games reception committee.

THERE were many young University friends of Mr. Robert de Stacpoole at the cocktail party he gave recently to celebrate finishing his studies at Cambridge, and starting on a business career. Among the older generation at the party were his mother, Mrs. de Stacpoole, his cousin Brigadier Bruce, whose daughter Amie told me she is studying at the Slade, and Mrs. Hamilton Hill, who was answering inquiries about her daughter Mrs. G. G. de Stacpoole and the infant grandson who will be heir to the family's Papal dukedom and estate in Ireland. Mrs. Anthony Steel had come down from Cambridge, and brought Baroness Novelty, who was visiting her, from Switzerland.

Among the younger generation I saw Miss Elizabeth Parsons in the green and red dress she had worn at the Court Presentation party, Miss Gina Fox, Miss Hester Blindell and her cousin Miss Rosemary Sheed, who brought Miss Sally Street, a visitor from the United States. Among the young men were Mr. Humphry Berkeley, who is now carrying on the political career he started at Cambridge, Mr. William Bell, Mr. Robin Wigram and Mr. Paul Curtis Bennett.

ERCHLESS CASTLE, in Inverness-shire, made a lovely setting for the gay and amusing cocktail party given recently by Russian-born Baron Stackelberg and his wife. Since they came to live in Inverness-shire, the Stackelbergs have made a host of friends, and their long, pale-blue dining-room was soon crowded with guests, among whom were Lord Lovat and his very attractive sister the Countess of Eldon, with her husband, Lady Maud Baillie and her daughter Judy, Viscountess Gough, who has recently added another farm to her Scottish estate, General Sir Kenneth and Lady Macleod, the Hon. Mrs. Merry, of Belladrum, Viscount and Viscountess Tarbat, Col. the Hon. Andrew and Mrs. Campbell, Major Alistair and Lady Sybil



The Hon. Julian and Caroline Grenfell, son and daughter of Lord Grenfell, talking to a Scottish piper with their mother, Mrs. Berkeley Stafford

Fraser and Capt. and Mrs. John Macleod, who live at nearby Culloden. Some of the guests strolled out in the garden and admired the herd of Jersey cows grazing in the home park which Baron Stackelberg has gathered together since he came to live at Erchless.

WRITING about events in Scotland reminds me of the Loan Exhibition of Rare Embroidery and Old Lace which is being arranged by Lady Elphinstone from August 21st to September 12th, in aid of the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs, of which she is president.

The Exhibition will be held in the Signet Library, Parliament Square, Edinburgh. Those who visit it will have the opportunity of seeing this magnificent building designed by the King's architect Robert Reid in 1812, with the interior by William Stark.

The lenders include the King and Queen, H.R.H. the Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord and Lady Elphinstone, Sir William Burrell, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and many others.

Among the exhibits will be seen embroidery worked by Mary Queen of Scots and her Four Marys, the embroidered saddle used by the Duke of Monmouth, King Charles I.'s Bible in stump work, Jacobite relics, exquisite lace, Ayrshire embroidery and rare tapestries.



Countess Howe was there with her daughters Susan Shafto, Ann Shafto and three-year-old Lady Sarah Curzon



Donkey rides were a very popular feature of the afternoon. Christina Fanto sets off with her aunt, Mrs. S. L. Simpson



Queueing for the slide: Ewan Bell, with Mary, Sandra and Jamie Fleming, nieces and nephews of Lord Wyfold

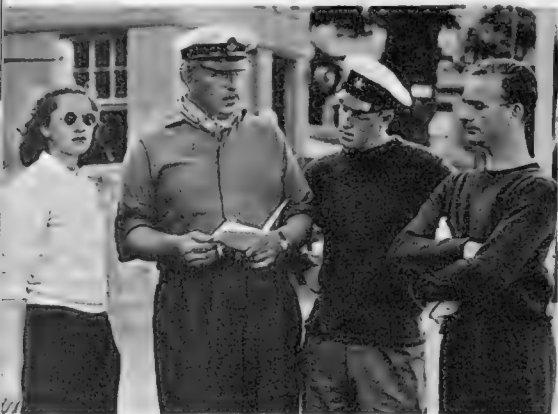


Lady Edith Foxwell, niece of the Earl of Cavan, with her daughter Zia. Lady Edith was president of the party

All the Fun of the Fair at St. James's Palace, to Help Dockland Nursery Schools



Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring. Sir Godfrey is Chairman of the Royal National Lifeboat Institute



Miss Evans with Mr. Potter, Capt. Riley and Lt. Stanford, R.N., discuss the day's programme



Mrs. Hugo Walford with Capt. Hunt and Mr. Hugo Walford making their way down to the jetty



Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Hodge about to cast-off in their motor-boat with a cargo of hot soup

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Capt. George Eyston, the racing motorist, at the tiller of his six-metre yacht Circe. He had a very successful week, securing two firsts and two seconds

MAINLY LIGHT AIRS AT COWES

But Yachtsmen Successfully Challenged the Frequent Calms and Rain



Mr. Tony Sheldon talking to Mrs. John Harding and a French visitor, Mlle. Francine Berthier



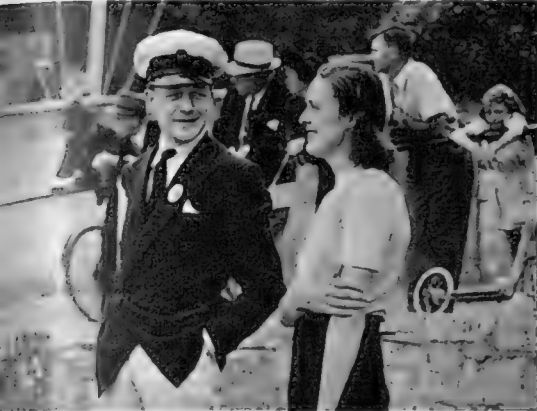
Mrs. P. Wicks with Lt.-Col. R. Broome, walking down to watch one of the Royal Yacht Squadron races



Mrs. Crichton, watching the first day's racing with Mr. Sydney Graham and Mr. Philip Runciman



Once again Lady Baring gave a ball in aid of local charities at Northwood House, for competitors and visitors to Coves. Above are Mrs. Robert Hobart, Lt.-Cdr. Hobart, Mrs. Rachel Wilkins, Brigadier Hugh Leveson-Gower, Mrs. Austin O'Connor, and Lt.-Cdr. Austin O'Connor



Col. J. Woodroffe makes a comment on the sailing to his companion, Miss Rachel Davenport



Mrs. Eric Swinburne going to the ballroom with Mr. Anthony Browning and Miss Barbara Grieve



Miss Jane Greensill, Miss Gay Curry, Lt. W. T. T. Pakenham, R.N., and Lt. H. P. Janion, R.N.



Mr. J. C. W. Damant, Commodore of the Island Sailing Club, with a Danish visitor, Mme. J. Broge



Mrs. M. Lang and Cdr. M. A. Wortman were two more of the guests at this very enjoyable ball



Lord Iliffe, the newspaper owner, and his daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe (left), coming ashore



Cdr. R. K. Irving, of the U.S. destroyer Stormes, stationed at Coves, and Lt.-Cdr. D. F. Chilton, D.S.C., R.N.



Miss Pamela Coxon and Mr. Pat Matthews demonstrate the joie de vivre which informed the evening's proceedings



The second leg of the Modern Pentathlon was fencing, and Captain A. Moreiras Lopez (left) of Spain is seen during his winning bout with Lt. K. S. Wehlin of Sweden. Touches were recorded by electrical means

OLYMPIC PENTATHLON COMPETITORS AT ALDERSHOT



Capt. A. Ortiz (Uruguay), 20th, Lt. J. M. G. Lumsden (C.B.), 2nd, and Capt. W. O. G. Grut (Sweden), 1st in the riding



The Argentine team at Twistledown race-course: Lt. L. M. Premoli, Lt. H. Siburu, who had just finished, and Lt. E. J. Wirth



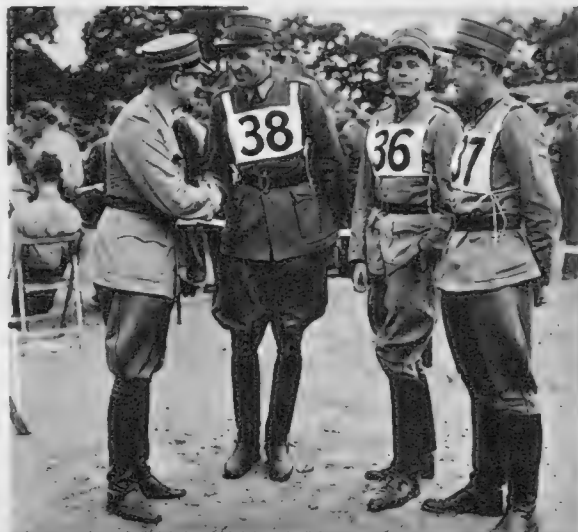
Lt.-Col. Zatreplek (centre), who accompanied the Finnish team, with his wife and daughter, and Lt. L. T. Vilkkö, who finished seventeenth in the riding



The Brazilian representatives: Capt. A. Alves Borges, Lt. A. Morrot Coelho and Capt. H. Soares Berford



Lt. B. A. M. Piekow talking to L/Cpl. A. C. Martin, who topped the British competitors in the Pentathlon



Major Grundbacher, Swiss team manager, congratulates 2/Lt. B. Riem, the winner of the shooting at Bisley, Capt. W. Schmid, who was second, and Lt. F. Hegner



Crown Prince Olaf of Norway (right) with Admiral Sir Robert Burnett, C.-in-C. Plymouth, and Lady Burnett, on H.M.S. Anson, at Torbay, when members of the Olympic yachting teams were entertained aboard. The Crown Prince had travelled to Torquay in the yacht Norge to watch the racing

Priscilla of Paris

"The Campers are Coming . . ."

How that Summer has arrived—at least I have that impression at the moment, since I firmly believe that swallows flying high, dragonflies skimming low, and countless tiny lizards basking on the moss-grown, sun-baked tiles mean fine weather—the invasion of August campers has begun.

Why they have a wonderful time, may all the prawns in the bay come to their nets, may the ice supply at the local pub never give out, may tobacco soon come to the Island again, may the cost of living become a little more reasonable and everything pleasant be their lot . . . and may they enjoy all this without me.

I HAVE no objection to campers. Those who have wished themselves upon me, adopting me as a dear, dear neighbour, hanging the baby's lingerie on the fence at the bottom of the garden, lowering their beer bottles into the well to keep cool and rearing their orange-coloured tents so as to spoil utterly the view of the sunset that I had selfishly come to consider my very own, are all very pleasant young people and charming to the eye! They have, however, a gramophone, rather a noisy one, and I have yet to discover whether they start the gramophone to drown the baby's yells, or whether the baby yells to drown the gramophone.

The result is not restful, besides, I prefer to get my music direct from the rippling rush of the waves up the beach, the murmur of the wind in the pine trees, even the patter of the rain on the low roof and the far-away croaking of a multitude of frogs in some disused salt-marshes. All these divine sounds, sights and scents are mine at any time of the year except during the holiday rush month . . . and who

am I to complain when I have had a glorious July and can look forward to a mellow September.

MEANWHILE Paris calls. Friends to meet as they pass through, and the Autumn collections to see . . . perhaps. The world of fashion is sad on account of the retirement, through ill health, of Lucien Lelong, to whom so many young stars of *la haute couture*, now in vogue, owe their sartorial education.

During Occupation, M. Lelong's tact and diplomacy saved many workers from deportation to Berlin workrooms. He has various hobbies, and is an omnivorous reader, so it is to be hoped that this still-young man will not drift into the dreary round that sometimes becomes the lot of many men when they leave an active business life.

Since leaving the Island, I have taken a roundabout route townwards, and have visited many little *plages* and villages. In all these microcosms I have found old or

middle-aged hypochondriacs of both sexes who live only for themselves. They are amusing and also pitiful. The one that amused me most was a vegetarian—theoretically—but when I invited him to lunch, I got rather a nasty shock. Another couple, childless, rich and intolerably mean, have friends staying with them who have brought their own cook, settle the bills, and give their hosts a grand time. . . .

DURING my travels I met an old friend, Georges Pioch, who for many years was the music critic of *Comœdia*, and who reminded me that France's new Premier, M. André Marie, was the librettist of a musical play that was produced at the Opéra-Comique exactly thirteen years ago. It was not, however, a success. The critics reproached the author and the composer, Emmanuel Bondeville, for their "lack of unity." One rather hopes that the same reproach will not be made to the new Government. M. André Marie wrote over the pen-name of Jacques Laurent, and his lyrics contained some sly digs at the politicians of those days:

*Pour cette fête, acclamons le régime
Mais oublions, en dévoués serviteurs,
Qu'il nous faudra, d'un geste magnanime,
Payer la note aux mains des percepteurs. . . .*

If that was the way "Jacques Laurent" felt in 1935, we can only hope that M. André Marie will not, in 1949, present bills that are too heavy for our already very strained resources.

Since writing the above, the red night, swallows, dragonflies and lizards have let us down . . . but there is always to-morrow. . . .

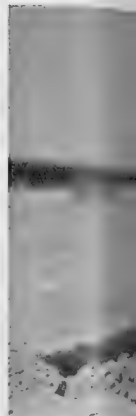
Voilà!

● Little Jean-Claude's father, speaking of a member of the new Government, expresses his admiration for M. X—, "who," he says, "is a self-made man." The child looks at the photograph in the paper his father has been reading: "Well, I would have made myself a better-looking face!" he declares.

"C"



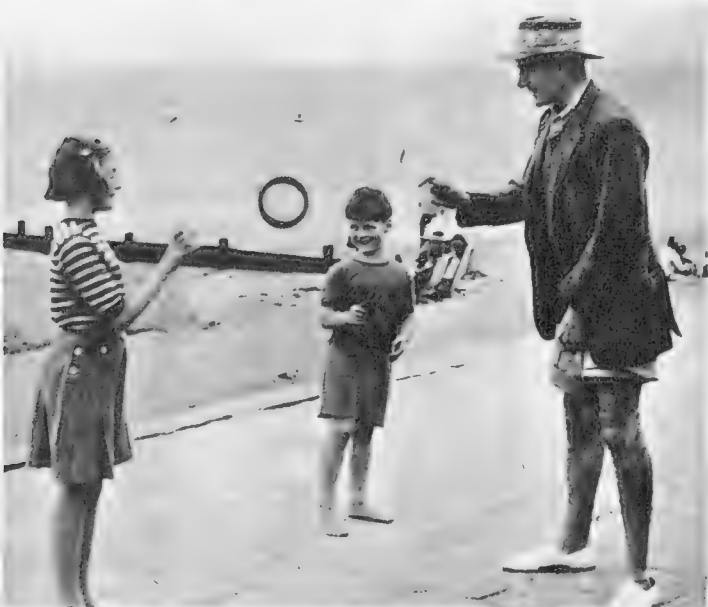
Sometimes it's shrimps, sometimes it's crabs, but the procedure is always the same. Angela Webb is the lone fisher on the left, her brother Thomas is holding the net for Daryl Balden, daughter of Col. Balden, and Jean Jackson is sorting the catch



When other
hope to reach
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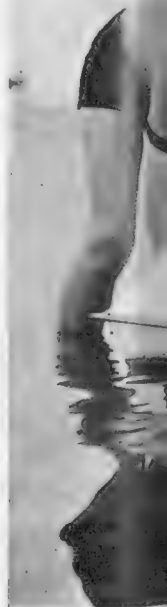
Working po
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Cdr. Edward Edmonstone, R.N., enjoying a game of "toss the ring" with his son Neil and daughter Antonia



Two-year-old Richard Hambro puts in some spadework supervised by his mother, Mrs. Joscelyn Hambro



"Catler" spends a day — ON THE SANDS AT FRINTON



...res pall, you can always dig a hole and
...alia. This excavator is Anthony Heller,
...is Mrs. J. E. Heller, the sculptress



Beachcombers Miss Helen Thompson and Mrs. Joscelyn
Hambro, daughter-in-law of Sir Charles Hambro, find an old
kettle useful for collecting prawns



...ntered. Mrs. Frederick Vernon discusses
daughters Alexandra and Miranda, and
...ts Amanda and Jeremy Reiss



Lady Marye, Lady Gillian and Lady Davina Pepys, daughters
of the Earl of Cottenham, with their cousin Rupert Nevill,
grandson of the Marquess of Abergavenny



Miss Betty Barraclough, daughter of Major W.
Barraclough, has a rest on a breakwater frame
with an inseparable friend



...s and Angela Webb, children of Mr. and Mrs.
Webb, prepare their cutter for an adventurous
voyage across the shallows



"Ship ahoy!" announces two-year-old Sarah Sutherland, but her twin brother Michael has
no time for barques and brigs when there is an interesting dog about. Their mother is
Mrs. David Sutherland

Photographs by Tasker, Press Illustrations



Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Agnew and Mrs. E. A. Robinson, all Northern Ireland racing enthusiasts



W. Nevett with Lord Glentoran (left), whose Portbraddon he rode in the Hillsborough Plate, and Col. Blake

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H.E. Vice-Admiral Earl Granville, Governor of Northern Ireland, arriving at the Maze with Countess Granville, a sister of the Queen



Major A. Burgess and Miss Coralie de Burgh were others who saw the Aga Khan's horse win

Racegoers Who Saw Soodani Win the Ulster Derby

Photographs by Fennell, Dublin



Mr. H. M. Hartigan, who trains for the Aga Khan in Ireland, leading in Soodani after the race, which he won by a head



The Earl of Kilmorey, one of the stewards, has a final word with his daughter, Lady Eleanor Anley



Capt. G. A. Clark, son of Sir George Clark, Bt., and Lady Clark, of Co. Antrim, with Miss N. Clark



Capt. M. Carvill and Miss Mary Kirkpatrick were also among the visitors to Belfast



Lady Eleanor Anley with her sister, Lady Hyacinth Needham, in the Members' Enclosure



Mrs. A. G. Stewart with Mrs. Gerald Annesley, of Co. Down, wife of the owner



An English visitor who enjoyed this good meeting was Mrs. G. Galitzine



Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy with Viscountess Bury, who had a large house-party



"The Potentate made no attempt to buy the Gaiety chorus for export . . ."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By . . .

RECENT accidents in the Alps lead one to wonder when the Alpine boys of every country will face realities, and especially the great primal truth that there is really no necessity for anyone to climb the Alps at all, given one condition.

This condition is a rather delicate matter, involving the emotional life of Alpinists, large numbers of whom in Great Britain, past and present, are dons and schoolmasters. Twenty per cent. of the foundation-members of the Alpine Club (we've looked it up) were lawyers. Twelve per cent. were clergymen. Two London publishers also tried to deaden their craving for affection of some kind by the same agonising means. One need not draw obvious conclusions. The only problem-case is Ruskin, a great boy for Alps.

Though Ruskin was singularly unfortunate in his emotional life, as a recent biography reveals, he never actually climbed, his line being to sit at the foot of the Alps over a *soufflé* and a bottle of Sillery, laughing in a refined falsetto. Some think he may have found other—completely decorous—consolations as well.

"O stay," the maiden cried, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
And Ruskin, with a view-halloo,
Replied "I don't mind if I do,
Excelsior!"

However this may be, no maiden has ever issued this invitation to any member of the Alpine Club. Ponder this significant fact awhile in silence, refraining from all comment which might be wounding or (worse) un-English.

Wiggery

THAT violin-and-pianoforte recital in Lincoln's Inn Hall which vaguely puzzled a music critic ("why there?") was a Bar Council experiment, we learn. Its object, unlike that of recent official experiments with music on cows, was not to increase production among the wiggy boys, but to dispel increasing discouragement caused by the ruthless way in which taxing-masters slash their most beautiful bills of costs.

And after all, the artist's first duty is to submit to discipline, harsh though it may be. Passing a taxing-master's office (a chap in close touch tells us) you may often hear him soliloquising very movingly on this theme. E.g.:

TAXING-MASTER (musing): How beautiful is Nature! The song of a bird, the scent of a rose, the merry cries of the Chancery boys at play, the first shy avowals of youthful love. . . . Ah, Adelaide!

[Here the T.-M. bows his head, but quickly recovers and smiles himself sternly on the breast.]

Come, Fibsborough, no weakness! Nature is too lush, too undisciplined! He who would guide and correct Art's votaries must be severe—nay, merciless! Alas, they hate us! Yet we chasten but to heal! George!

CLERK: Sir.

TAXING-MASTER: Where the devil is the latest bit of rococo from that whimsy dreamer Howl of Inner Temple Lane?

So the healing work goes on, and the wiggy boys' bills are pruned and pared and given that chaste austerity of line and form we suckers admire. May Haydn's A Flat Sonata have soothed and comforted many a sore legal heart, is the cry of this department.

Idol

RESENTING OUR recent observations on the Eiffel Tower, a chap who boasts of having belonged to a now-defunct Parisian art-group called Les Amis de la Tour Eiffel demands our qualification to criticise.

Well, (a) we used to stay frequently at a flat of which one of the principal windows was exactly filled by the Eiffel Tower, oppressive by day (compare the effect of the Pyramids framed in the windows of Mena House, near Cairo) and epileptic by night, when Citroën's electric fireworks took charge. And (b) we know all about Les Amis de la Tour Eiffel. They met monthly in the café on the first platform, making threatening remarks. Charcot would have diagnosed them as *grands hystériques*. Their enthusiasm was forced, their gestures futile. They also encouraged the mass-production of those little gilt models of the Tower at 1 fr. 50 which have done so much to debauch provincial French taste.

Two more disturbing facts about the Eiffel Tower—it inspired Cocteau's *Fiancées de la Tour Eiffel*, and it once stung our dear E. V. Lucas to a crack which he was the first to regret on discovering that there were memsahibs at table.

Ordeal

NOTE to the executors of Susan Glaspell, the eminent American playwright, who died in Massachusetts the other day. We fancy you owe us two dollars, gentlemen, the case being thus:

Having been implored by so-called friends on a certain date, being then in New York, N.Y., during a tropic heatwave, not to miss a farcical comedy called *The Comic Artist*, by Susan Glaspell ("It's a riot, it's a whizz, it's a honey, you'll laugh your pants off," these traitors said), we caught a severe cold in the head owing to exposure in a hot theatre for two hours and a half to a bleak New England breeze, like a nor'easter off Cape Cod; learning only afterwards that this Miss Glaspell held every available gold and silver medal for being the most earnestly serious sweetheart on earth, the Girl Emerson, the Introspective Queen, the Little Starlit Ball of High Transcendental Endeavour.

There is no legal redress, because *The Comic Artist* actually has a chap in it described as a comic artist; but since Miss Glaspell had seen to it that this unfortunate Bohemian left all lightmindedness out on the back-porch with

his gumshoes, we submit there is a prima-facie moral claim for delivery of dry-goods labelled in such a manner, etc., etc.

Just two dollars. No charge for the restoratives.

Tipple

LIKE the Chinese, the Scots don't export their best stuff for the benefit of foreign devils. Hence a dreamy girl babbling in the newspapers about Athol Brose for export might as well bay the moon.

There might of course have been Athol Brose on tap in every London pub to-day but for the mess-up of 1745, when the Scots fozzled an obvious walkover. (Simultaneous benefits would have included a different orientation of British foreign policy over a century and a half, thereby checkmating Prussian ambition, and avoiding two world-wars.) However, we don't blame the Highlanders for this fiasco so much as our own countrymen. Had Sir Watkyn Williams-Wynn's boys marched at the right moment. . . . But our hairy kinsmen were apparently singing *Ton'y Bottel* in close-harmony at the time, and so missed the bus.

Whether you'd like Athol Brose, if you got it, is another matter. It's a rich mixture of old whisky, strained honey, and cream, slowly beaten together according to a strict formula. A trifle luscious for a civilised palate, maybe? No offence.

Potentate

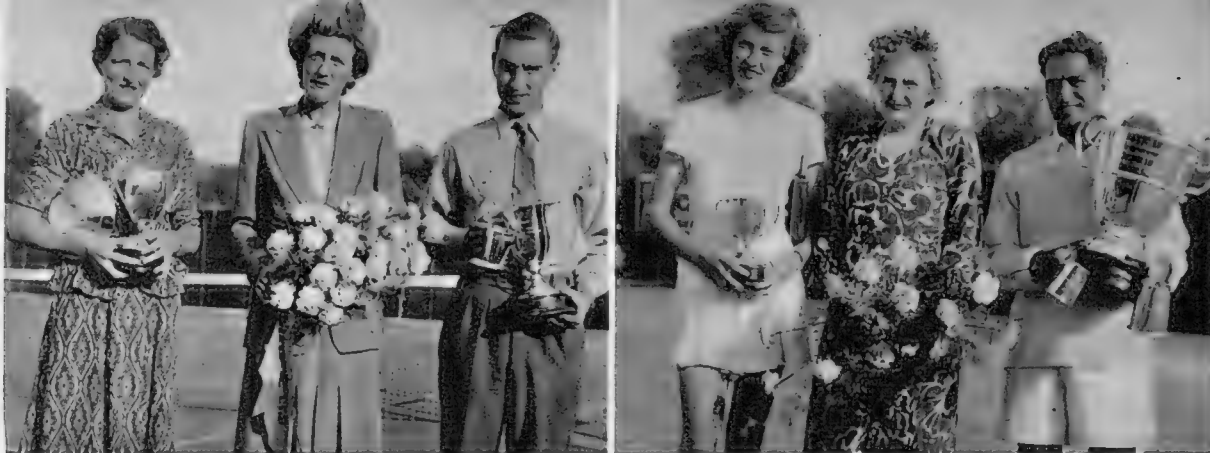
IT was hardly to be expected that a slim, modest, youthful Shah in Iranian Air Force uniform would stampede a romantic Race as his more showy predecessor did in Edwardian days, when "Have you seen the Shah?" was a catchword everywhere.

Elderly men tell us the Edwardian Shah was everything the Island fancy could picture; huge, pale, brooding, mysterious, blazing with jewels like a Byzantine ikon, and rattling all the Chancelleries, when he passed on to Paris, with truly Oriental goings-on. Hence that famous crack attributed to the Hon. Odo Russell of the British Embassy—"La nuit tous les shahs sont gris." (Old French proverb, adapted.)

Only one mild disappointment, we gather, attended this particular London visit. The Potentate made no attempt to buy the Gaiety chorus for export, as many connoisseurs were expecting. This seems to show that the far-famed Gibson Girl was maybe just a Skinny Liz in Persian eyes. We wouldn't wish to start any argument on this, least of all an argument *a posteriori*.



"Les Amis de la Tour Eiffel—enthusiasm forced, gestures futile"



D. R. Stuart

The Navy and R.A.F. Tennis Championship Winners at Wimbledon

Lady Robb (centre), wife of Air Marshal Sir James Robb, who is President of the R.A.F. Lawn Tennis Association, with the R.A.F. champions. They are A.C. Paddy Roberts and Wing Officer Frances Arkell

Lady Royle, wife of the President of the R.N. Tennis Association, Admiral Sir Guy Royle, with the Navy singles winners, Lt. T. Bakshi, of the Royal Indian Navy, and Wren Eva Bond

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

HIS HIGHNESS the present Nizam of Hyderabad, we are told, is a man of very simple tastes, and much prefers a Ford to a bedizened elephant; but one of his predecessors, within my memory, was very much otherwise, and I retain a vivid picture of his State visit to the then Viceroy of India during the Christmas race week, when the Viceroy's Cup used to be run.

His Highness drove to the course with an escort of his own Bodyguard: about a full squadron of Nubian eunuchs, each man a good six feet in his vamps. Their kit was a yellow tunic, the long *chapkan* variety, black Lifeguard pattern boots, gilt spurs, light-blue *loongis* (turbans to the less instructed) laced with silver, and black-and-yellow pennons to their lances. They were mounted on white Gulf Arabs, not as beautiful as those of the *sang bleu*, but decorative warhorses, none the less. About as smart a show as ever I have seen. The troopers, like the steeds, were imported, and not home-bred.

Goodwood—a Retrospect and the Future

GOOD as was the racing and the ozone, the recent meeting leaves us with many regrets, the principal of them being that we shall now never know which is the better horse over that very trying 2 miles 5 furlongs of the Goodwood Cup, since it has been definitely announced that Tenerani is to be retired to the stud, and M. Marcel Boussac has said that it is 10 to 1 against Arbar ever seeing a racecourse again.

Let us hope that it is not as bad as all that, but if it is, it can only mean one of two things—a tendon or a suspensory. The fact that this very gallant horse fought on for at least the last five furlongs of the course suggests a sprung tendon. If it had been a suspensory ligament he would have stopped as if he had been shot, and even his great courage would not have availed him. Arbar's jockey, C. Elliott, is reported to have said that his horse was going well within himself—"cantering" is the word put into his mouth—six furlongs from home, and that he was moving up to join battle with Tenerani in his own time. Arbar was certainly where any good jockey would have had him—within easy striking distance. Then the calamity happened, and it was only the horse's great heart which sustained him. Elliott would have been fully entitled to pull up and jump off, and probably it is a pity that he did not do so, for the battle was lost.

An Equine Adonis

IT is probable that none of us has ever seen a more perfect outline of the thoroughbred horse than Arbar, and it is next door to impossible to fault him. The hyper-critical may say that he stands over a little bit, but many

a good one, especially amongst the jumpers, has done that, and he is so perfect everywhere else that this hardly seems to matter; incidentally, it does not. He is as good in front as he is behind; you could put his muzzle in a teacup, as the saying is; he has a fine bold look-out; perfect neck and shoulders; cannon-bones you can span, and his hocks, in the manner of speaking, right on the ground.

However, even the best-made thing in the world cannot compete with that Destroyer Macadam, and I think it will be very lucky if we do not hear of some more casualties caused by this terribly hard course, though I sincerely hope not.

It is not easy to say how Tenerani's win in the Goodwood Cup affects Black Tarquin's chances in the Leger. The latter was getting 18 lb. when he ran the Italian horse to a short head in the 1½-mile Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot, and the sum is not an easy one. There is a wide gap between 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards and 2 miles 5 furlongs. All that we do know is that Black Tarquin put up a grand fight with

a rock-bottom stayer, and that the course at Doncaster seems to be cut to fit a big, long-striding colt.

A little side-note: Tenerani recalls a famous Quorn (Cheshire) hound so many of us knew in happier times during the Consulship of Algy Burnaby and Edmund Paget—Safeguard. He was very throaty, and his shoulders were none too pretty, but he was a grand foxhound in his work. He put the Quorn kennel on its feet again when it needed it badly, and all his descendants were super, especially the bitches. Cruiser, his son, won the Championship at Peterborough. He was a big dog with a beautiful neck and shoulders and a real Paladin in the field.

The other big Goodwood regret is that The Cobbler was not a born stayer, though his blood is good enough to make him one. He is a racehorse, sure! His 59 4/5ths for the Hainaker Stakes was only the fraction off the record for this course. The Newmarket 5-furlong times are, of course, much faster, but then the courses are very different from that trying one at Goodwood. It is worth noting that The Cobbler was nothing like all out. He won by six lengths. I wish he had been entered in the Cambridgeshire.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Cook says even the teeniest, weeniest little baby rabbit would help, m'lord . . ."

The Kashmir "Tourists"

IT is suggested that those who think that these "tourists" have had their passages paid by Pakistan, should think again. That part of the divided dominion of India has neither the money nor the arms and equipment to put in the field even so comparatively small a force as the one that has been sitting pat in that delectable land all these months, and has successfully defied any efforts to shift it. There is this further: these warlike tribesmen, first-class with their own weapons and fighting over their own terrain, knew nothing about field guns, mortars, rockets, or any other similar weapon until they went on this little jaunt. Mr. Jinnah had no instructors to spare to train them. Who, then, has, and how long has he been at it? A considerable time, judging by the efficiency they have displayed. You cannot turn out an expert field-gunner in a week, or even in fifty-two weeks. Where, again, did this force get its transport? Who is paying it? Who is the tailor who made its uniforms? Under whose orders is it acting? There is not a tittle of evidence that Pakistan originally put it in the field, whatever may now be the views of that country in the exacerbated situation.

The final question: Is not the position which this force of Frontier Tribesmen has occupied a magnificent flanking one for a much bigger operation? The nigger in the wood-pile is sticking out a yard.

EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS

(NO. 12)

This bird's curious ambition is to climb, in full feather, an overhanging cliff a mile high and liberally treated with French polish

ADULT MALE: General colour above flesh-tinted, except at night, when the bird has a habit of turning black around the mandibles; crested with a small bonnet of green feathers peculiar, in colour, to the species; neck feathers normally gaudy, colours varying according to the bird's age; body feathers dun-coloured, the sombreness of the primary coverts being brightened by the many odd little appendages to be found around the abdomen and shanks; shanks sturdy; feet large, leathery and nimble, affording the observer the impression that the bird is going in all directions at the same time.

HABITS: The Cliff Creeper is a most interesting bird to watch when it is engaged in overcoming any obstacle which may appear in its path. The bird will spend hours in creeping and scrabbling around and about steep cliff faces, completely ignoring the easier approaches to the summit: this latter habit in no way reflects upon the bird's penitentialia mentis, as its actions are fraught with a whimsical desire to affect surprise upon its potential prey—which would appear to thrive upon cliff tops. Herr Rumbold Atcæn, the well-known authority on this bird, points out: "The Cliff Creeper has a most disconcerting habit of popping up in the most unexpected places, completely unnerving the observer, who is usually looking the other way at the time." The bird has an odd habit of taking to the coastal waters, where it will live for some days without food: its plaintive cry at this time is most touching—a kind of "Onilostwoanaharfstone-Haha."

HABITATS: Although the bird spends the majority of its time in attempting to surpass the unsurpassable, and flitting furtively about our beaches and cliff faces, it is prettiest to watch when flocked together and nested down where large quantities of the secretions of the hop-plant are to be found.



The Common Assault Cock—or Cliff Creeper

(*Sofilessoftæ-Catchæsentæ*)

Scoreboard

THERE are times, on the pavement or upside-down in an armchair, when a bloke stops and looks both ways; stops and looks, and, like the immortal Robey, listens; to the past and to the future; and knits what eyebrows he may have, in regret and retrospection, in pleasure and prophecy; or in all four at once.

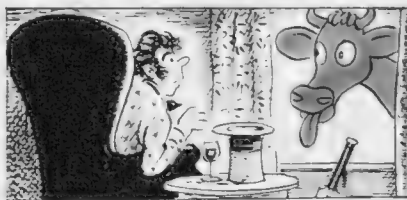
I do so now; as Annie III., our fastest cow, flashes past the window, too late for the Olympic Games, too early for the St. Leger, with scarcely a glance at the golden corn that bows to itself in the delicate breeze.

FIRST, I look forward twenty-five years; when Bernard Shaw will be 117, and Don Bradman will be Prime Minister of Australia or a Marquis, or both, and the boy who asked for my autograph thinking I was Bill O'Reilly will be filling in the space reserved by the Inland Revenue for Aged Relatives Dependent Upon, and I, if I am, will be past the psalmist's somewhat pessimistic figure and the most cracking bore (agreed, agreed, fond reader) who ever gripped a fellow-sufferer by the third soya bean of his Utility waistcoat and told him how, since the prime of Denis Compton and Joe Davis, no one has known how to hold a cricket-bat or a billiard-cue the right end up.

BUT looking forward lacks privacy. The market has been wrecked by H. G. Wells, Prince Monolulu, and other intellectuals.

So, back to 1923; when David Lloyd George, by faulty footwork, had lost the Premiership,

and that wonderful sprinter, W. R. Applegarth, conceding 5 yards in 130, had been beaten in the Powderhall Sprint by J. Riach, of Ralto; Riach; descended, maybe, from that Mr. Riach of the ship Covenant, who did his best with Capt. Hoseason on David Balfour's behalf—"Paid I am, and none too much, to be the second officer of this old tub."



Summer 1923; when, in the Open Golf Championship, at Troon, Cyril Tolley drove the first green, 350 yards, then holed his putt for a 2, and Arthur Havers beat Walter Hagen for first place by one stroke; the last English victory till eleven years passed and one Henry Cotton arrived. England, like Todgers, could do it when she tried, and at Deal, in more than half a gale, Roger Wethered, with his own sort of absent-minded magnificence, beat Robert Harris for the Amateur Championship and ripped through those last terrific holes with courteous violence.

But already other countries had settled in at Wimbledon; settled in, but not, if I recollect, sat down quite so often on the Centre Court, for

purposes of reflection or repose. The United States borrowed the final of the Singles, when W. M. Johnston's forehand drive was too much for the solid skill of F. T. Hunter.

They seldom talk of Bill Johnston now. It's always Tilden, and the Musketeers of France. But what a player Johnston was, in manner and manners.

AT cricket, the West Indies sent us guests, and we received them with a May and June fit to confine any Eskimo to his igloo. But summer, and their fast bowlers, G. Francis and G. John, finished in a blaze. Francis and John were of quite an old-fashioned sort. They bowled at the stumps. There was a batsman among them, too, of world class, their vice-captain George Challenor, of Barbados. In August, they came to Weston-super-Mare. Challenor made a glorious 79, and V. Pascall bowled very cunningly and left-handed; and a young nephew of his, twenty years of age, fielded like a cage of tigers at cover-point.

He didn't bowl at all, and batted not for long. Those splendours were yet to come. That was L. N. Constantine. And that was 1923. When life and love were fairly new; before we were so bald and chatty, or wrote sermons under the name of

R.C. Robertson-Glasgow.



The King and Queen, with Princess Margaret, arriving at the Victoria Palace on the Queen's Birthday to see "Together Again." The Crazy Gang were received, in costume, by Their Majesties in the interval. Princess Margaret will be eighteen on Saturday, when she officially comes of age

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"The Borgia Testament"

"The Wisdom of Dr. Johnson"

"Portrait of a House"

"Devil's Reckoning"

NIGEL BALCHIN is, as a novelist, admirable—not least admirable for his way of being for ever upon the move. Reputation came to him early, but he has not been content to take out a patent on, simply, one kind of success: he continues to experiment, to break new ground. He came out, for instance, with *Lord, I Was Afraid* just when his readers expected a repetition of the curt, brilliant, provocative readability of *Mine Own Executioner*, *The Small Back Room* and *Darkness Falls from the Air*. Readers were awestruck but stayed the course.

Now comes *The Borgia Testament* (Collins; 9s. 6d.). From the title, this book might be anything—one thing it is *not*, is a colourful riot of vice and gore: only one Borgia orgy figures, and that one is written off with a jaded calmness, much as a man-about-town might note in his diary yet another gathering at the So-and-So's. To Cesare Borgia, nothing is terrible, nothing is intriguing, nothing is surprising—and, throughout, it is Cesare who speaks. *The Borgia Testament* is his monologue, written at a dire, dramatic time. His star is sinking: the Pope his father is dead. Incarcerated (virtually) in the castle-fortress of Sant' Angelo, Rome, Cesare is at the mercy of the new Pope—who, as the former Cardinal della Rovere, has been the Borgias' enemy from the start. Cesare's days are numbered, and he knows it.

So (Mr. Balchin supposes) in 1504, Cesare takes up his pen. He puts on record the story of his life, from birth; and, with that, his family's rise to power. Spain (from which the Borgias came), France, the Republics of Venice, Florence and Milan, the Kingdom of Naples, all play their parts. The power-politics of the Renaissance Vatican are explored.

Campaigns, with their uneasy alliances, unroll themselves. Here, in fact, is a cross-section of Renaissance history, from a villain's viewpoint.

Further, it is a story framed inside an obsession—passionless. Ambition has spun the plot. The narrative *could* be gathered from other sources: what Mr. Balchin has been concerned to do, and has done, is to open a door straight into the inside room of Cesare Borgia's mentality. Here is a man who—always alone by choice in the sense of never having loved, never having given his whole confidence—is now forced face-to-face with himself, finally. His obsession-dream has collapsed. Why—why? What slipped up? What happened? He churns the past over and over in his mind.

* * *

ALL through, we have had Cesare's ice-cold view of things contrasted with his father's more warm-blooded, emotional-intuitive sense of life. Alexander VI, the Borgia Pope, is the counterpoise character in this story, whose crucial points occur in the series of conversations between father and son. But also, we see Cesare's temperament in play in his relations with a number of other people—his sister Lucrezia (on from the time when she is a blonde little girl with an enchanting habit of wrinkling up her nose), his mother, Vanozza, his unfortunate French bride. Significance is in all that he does *not* say: his attitude to women remains cryptic—we are left to infer the trail of pain he must have blazed across those three hearts. With men, there are the zigzags of diplomacy, the never-quite-on-the-surface duels of wills: there is the hollow alliance with the King of France, the manoeuvring interlude with della Rovere.

In the campaign part, the capture of the tiger-cat Sforza lady, the fate of Manfredi and

the revolt of the captains stand out. . . . This is a dictator story: strip off the Renaissance surface and we find the modern analogy laid bare. Cesare closes by saying:

My father used to say that I had no sense of humour. I had too much. I saw the joke too soon, and expected others to see it. They will—they must—see it soon. But they have taken too long for my good.

But, after all, it is for you who read this to decide where I made my mistakes, for your world will be bigger and more complicated, and if you are to live in it at all you will have learned to control it without emotion, without this mumbo-jumbo of religion, without the softness that ruined my father, without fear; by nothing but that cold, dry light that Heraclites talks about—the light I saw at Chinon. I couldn't do this, and I failed. The man who can do it will succeed; and he will conquer something bigger than Italy.

* * *

AFTER that "cold dry light" of the Balchin-Borgia pages, the reader may find himself glad to seek the human effulgence from Dr. Johnson. *The Wisdom of Dr. Johnson*—"Being Comments on Life and Moral Precepts chosen from his Writings"—has been compiled by Dr. Constantia Maxwell, who has also written an Introduction. The book is published by Harrap at 10s. 6d.

There are certain great figures with regard to whom falsifying conventions spring up: I fancy Johnson is one. Is one inclined to see him as a conversational tank, the bear at the tea-party? His overpoweringness has been more publicised than his subtlety. Though Boswell left, in the *Life*, a masterpiece portrait, it must be remembered that there was more of Samuel Johnson than any one man could record. Dr. Maxwell has, therefore, done most valuable

work in drawing the "wisdom" from every possible source—from the wide range of the great man's works, from letters, from the records of different listeners to his talk. (Much comes from Mrs. Piozzi, formerly Mrs. Thrale.) The result is, immense variation—in every sense; for what people remember, and the manner in which they remember, depends a good deal upon themselves. One thing that seems miraculous about Dr. Johnson's talk is, that it should have incised so many, and such different, memories so deeply.

HE said: "The happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered but a general effect of pleasing impression." The "pleasing impression" remained with all his friends; but, in all cases, those persons kept something more: the inimitable rhythm of his speech, the blade-like edge and the drive of his phraseology. Oddly—one would have thought—his literary style does not differ so very much from his speaking style: which would not seem to bear out his own remark that "In conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them."

Here is wisdom—with all the pliancy, the humanity, the unexpectedness that, ideally, the word should imply. And, the less obvious facets of Johnson's nature have here been turned into view. The sayings are arranged according to subject, in alphabetic order—the subjects range from the abstract to the domestic. He has a good word for card-playing—"It generates kindness, and consolidates society." He is in favour of change—"We love to expect." He is aware of the dangers of delicacy—"You must not indulge your delicacy too much, or you will be a tête-à-tête man all your life."

And, elsewhere: "Life will not bear refinement: you must do as other people do." As to Children—"Allow children to be happy their own way: for what better way will they ever find?" As to Life—"Do not suffer life to stagnate; it will grow muddy for want of motion." As to Pleasure—"We all live upon the hope of pleasing somebody," and "No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures."

These, lighted upon at random, are a few of the gems. I am not sure that, out of all the sayings, I have not reflected longest on one of the Johnson comments on Ambition:

Every man, however hopeless his pretensions may appear to all but himself, has some project by which he hopes to rise to reputation; some art by which he imagines that the notice of the world will be attracted; some quality good or bad, which discriminates him from the common herd of mortals, and by which others may be persuaded to love, or compelled to fear him.

The *Wisdom of Dr. Johnson* is a book to keep beside one, to turn to when life requires perspective. For the gain it should be to many of us, the discrimination of Dr. Maxwell is to be thanked.

IN the background of most lives, in the happiest region of most memories, there stands a house—sometimes it may be in itself beautiful; sometimes no more than a glow of

association rests like perpetual sunshine upon its walls. It is right that the stories of such houses should be written by those who love them, that the magic of moments be not lost. Mary Howard McClintock's *Portrait of a House* (Carroll and Nicholson; 9s. 6d.) is a pleasant example of what such a book can be: a manor in Berkshire, West Woodhay—half pure Inigo Jones, half—late-Victorian addition—is her subject.

This was the grandmother's home, in which, in the 'nineties, four fatherless children joined with a batch of cousins to spend their happiest days. Personal youthful summer-and-winter memories are interknit with fragments of a remoter past: there are no ghosts, but former inhabitants, back through the centuries, pace the lawns or stand looking out of the windows. Some played their parts in history; local legend keeps more obscure names enshrined.

The unmistakable quality of life exhales from Mrs. McClintock's pages. All the more, perhaps, because she writes simply, vividly, with a keen sense of incident and no straining after literary effect. She (or her publisher) has had the good idea of providing a plan of the house, as end-papers for the book: thus, we are able to follow her movements from room to room, up and down stairs. She is, I note, a painter: hence, perhaps, her susceptibility to colour and her gift of bringing scenes to the eye.

EACH room—and there are many—stands for a particular memory, a story. An aunt at work at her carving, family tea, Christmas theatricals, a young girl's first party, dreadful children visitors, frogs in an uncle's bath, grandmother's recollections. . . . The characters of the grown-ups are extremely clear. Yes, it is well to be reminded of the shape, the sweetness, the sanity family life could have—may such things not be lost from the earth! At the same time, *Portrait of a House* is unmarred by sentimentality; it is alive with humour. Family life, the hierarchy of a household, has been, often, lately, satirised or attacked: Mrs. McClintock makes for the balanced view. This is her second book: some time ago she gave us *The Queen Thanks Sir Howard*, in which she wrote of her father, Sir Howard Elphinstone, V.C.

"DEVIL'S RECKONING" (Crime Club, Collins; 8s. 6d.) is "the new Miles Burton." As always in this author's detective stories, the setting—in this case, a village with an uncanny past—is excellent. The nice-sounding name of Dellmead derives, we quite soon learn, from the earlier Devil's Mead; dark rites were once practised here, and when a dead lady is found on an ancient family tomb from which the effigy has been missing, history seems about to repeat itself.

Inspector Arnold (to be relied upon to be almost always wrong) and his brighter friend Desmond Merriam soon get down to work. Mr. Burton's dialogue is not his strongest point: persons tend to be unnaturally pompous. And I was surprised that even Inspector Arnold should have overlooked the obvious suspiciousness of one character. None the less, *Devil's Reckoning* is good reading.

breadwinner for his family, following his father's trade, that of blacksmith. In 1934 he was heard by an examiner for Trinity College of Music, and there and then recommended for a scholarship, which was granted. Later he studied under Albert Garcia, grandson of Manuel Garcia, who taught Jenny Lind.

His present recordings can do nothing but enhance his popularity. His diction is clean-cut, and it is pleasing to think that at any rate we have one Empire operatic star in our midst who genuinely deserves the plaudits he receives. (Columbia D.B. 2420.)

Robert Tredinnick.

Winifred Lewis on Fashions



HEAT hung like a blanket over the salons while London's Couture houses showed autumn clothes. Wilting journalists broke records by arriving before the appointed hours of showing, not through excess of zeal so much as to secure seats by the windows.

A week of twice-daily fashion shows, interspersed with parties for Overseas Buyers, with temperatures in the eighties,

was an endurance test over which anticipation of another hot session to follow at the Paris shows hung very heavy. Welcome and cooling respite from crowded salons and reception rooms came with Sir William Darling's evening party for visiting buyers and the Press on the Terrace of the House of Commons. M.P.s, heated by the debate on the Gas Bill which was proceeding in the Chamber, emerged to cool off in the Thames breezes and to try out debating form on the topic of clothes.

The week-ended pleasantly enough with a luncheon party at Norman Hartnell's charming house in Windsor Great Park, where chief participants in the Fashion fortnight gathered as the guests of the big names in British dress-making.

The gentlemen's agreement on sealed lips as to precise details of the shows is in operation until September 1st, but there can be no secret of the fact that, when the news breaks, it will be unspectacular in the extreme.

As though weary from recent battles, London's designers have come across with collections which, apart from successful individual models, can only be summed up as "tame." No strenuous objections can be made to this, perhaps, and many a breath will be drawn in relief that hemlines remain where they were, a little shorter if anything, at houses where the tendency last season was towards extremes.

A sharper definition of the basic silhouette is noticeable, with clothes showing either a definite tubular line with narrow skirts and sloping shoulders or the curvaceous outline embracing the form to a diminished waist and springing from rounded hips into flared fullness of the skirt.

Pleating is lavishly used, and the Regency influence appeared at most collections with caped top-coats and Beau Brummel collars coming up-time after time.

Even so, the fancy-dress tendency of recent collections is no more, but welcome though these modifications are to practical people, general impressions are that our winter wardrobes will be less becoming.

Hats were disappointing. Many milliners are pushing the tricorne, and there were some unbecoming versions of the shallow box hat of the Regency Buck. Femininity has departed from the head, for this season, and streets will be the duller for it unless I miss my guess.



RECORD OF THE WEEK

MASSENET'S famous *Elegie* is a certainty whenever it is played or sung, but it has seldom been given such a polished treatment as that from Oscar Natzka. Accompanied by Hubert Greenslade, with Allen Ford playing 'cello obbligato, he shows at once that he has a grand sense of control. At the same time there is a smoothness in his voice that is entirely pleasing to the ear, a thing so often lacking with bass singers.

As his second song he has chosen Sir Granville Bantock's setting of *Captain Harry Morgan*, which suits him admirably.

At the age of fifteen, Natzka became the



Howard — Hassall

Lt. S. Michael Howard, R.N., son of the late Mr. S. Edgar Howard, and of Mrs. B. M. Howard, of Downe Hall, Bridport, married Mrs. Margery E. (Betty) Hassall, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. C. Smith, of Headstone Lane, Harrow, at Hinde Street Methodist Church.



de Courcy-Wheeler — Rea

Dr. Desmond B. de Courcy-Wheeler, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. R. de Courcy-Wheeler, of Co. Dublin, Eire, married Miss Donshka Rea, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Egerton Rea of Malta, at Malta



Ford — Wardlaw Burnet

Mr. Harold F. Ford, younger son of the late Sir Patrick Ford, Bt., and of Lady Ford, of Edinburgh, married Miss Lucy M. Wardlaw Burnet, daughter of the late Sheriff Wardlaw Burnet, K.C., and of Mrs. Wardlaw Burnet, of Edinburgh, at St. Anne's Oratory, Edinburgh



Chater — Stubbing

Mr. Leslie Vernon Chater, only son of Mr. and Mrs. V. Chater, of London, W.8, married Miss Moreen E. Stubbing, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Stubbing, of London, W.14, at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington



Marriott — Ryan

Mr. Geoffrey G. H. Marriott, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Marriott, of London, W.1, married Miss Maura Ryan, daughter of the late Senator S. Ryan, and of Mrs. Ryan, of Stillorgan, Eire, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Lewis — Reynolds

Mr. R. W. A. P. Lewis, eldest son of Sir Wilfrid Lewis, and of the late Mrs. Lewis, married Miss Felicity G. Reynolds, only daughter of Major Thomas Reynolds, late the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, and Mrs. Reynolds, of The Miller's House, Isington, near Alton, at the Church of the Holy Cross, Binsted

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Wills — Jonsson

The Hon. Victor Patrick Hamilton Wills, youngest son of Lord and Lady Dulverton, of Batsford Park, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, married Miss Felicity Betty Jonsson, daughter of the late Major Aubrey Jonsson, and of Mrs. Jonsson, of Winters Kloof, Natal, S. Africa, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

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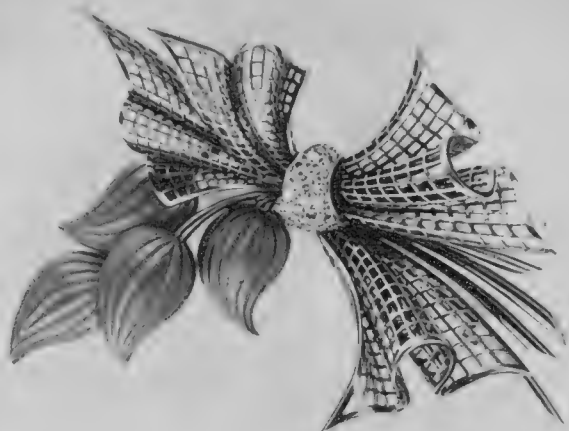
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Molly Rosemary Fidgeon, youngest daughter of the late Mr. C. E. Fidgeon, and of Mrs. Fidgeon, of Whinstead, Woodham Way, Woking, who is engaged to Mr. Peter Stothert Bartrum, second son of the late Rev. E. G. Bartrum, and of Mrs. Bartrum, of Birch Haven, Woodham, Woking



Miss Barbara Elizabeth Archer, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Herbert Archer, and of Mrs. Herbert Archer, of Apsley Road, Clifton, Bristol, who is engaged to Capt. R. A. K. MacAllan, M.C., younger son of the late Capt. W. H. MacAllan, and of Mrs. MacAllan, of St. Andrews



Miss Daphne Mary Hunter Jones, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Hunter Jones, of Marden Ash House, Ongar, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Osbert Maitland Tower, younger son of the late Major W. Maitland Tower, and of Mrs. Maitland Tower, of Moreton House, near Ongar, Essex



Miss Natalie Mardall, only daughter of the late Col. G. S. Mardall, O.B.E., and Mrs. Mardall, of Kenilworth, Cape, South Africa, who will be married to-morrow to Mr. Robert Campbell Lloyd Fitzwilliams, eldest son of Mr. Duncan C. L. Fitzwilliams, C.M.G., M.D., F.R.C.S., of Bray, Berks., and London, W.1.



Miss Viviane Gibbs and Major Patrick Philip de la Hogue Moran, who are to be married on Saturday. Miss Gibbs is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. E. Gibbs, of Le Pont-Sanson, Feuges, Manche, France, and Major Moran is the son of the late Lt.-Col. Moran, and of Mrs. de la Hogue Moran, of Blemur, Church Circle, Farnborough, Hampshire

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Oliver Sturges on FLYING



Air Commodore E. A. Lumley, C.B.E., M.C., M.D., who is P.M.O. of Bomber Command, received his C.B.E. from the King at the recent investiture at Buckingham Palace

More Noise

NOT long ago I reported on the complaints I had had about the noise of night flying aircraft. They came from different parts of the country and led me to make inquiries at the Air Ministry about the steps taken to avoid causing more nuisance than is inevitable.

It seemed to me then that the Royal Air Force was doing all it could to disturb people as little as possible. But now I have had more complaints and one correspondent makes a comment which deserves consideration.

He says that low flying aircraft during darkness bring back to him so vividly the bombing nights of the war, that they have the effect of making him detest aviation and everything to do with it. I feel that this point may be more serious than seems at first sight. There has been, since the war, a new kind of resistance to flying. It has been manifested in different ways; but the common characteristic is a general, apparently unreasoning, dislike.

It may be that those who suffered from aerial bombardment during the war—and there were not many in this country who did not—have been left with a dislike for aircraft which is intensified whenever they are disturbed or worried by aircraft. All of which makes it clear that everything done to make aircraft quieter and to operate them in a manner less disturbing to the general public will help to advance the aeronautical cause.

Naval aviation knows how to handle aircraft expeditiously at take-off and landing and it should be able to offer suggestions for accelerating the process at civil airports. Unless some means is devised for eliminating stacking up and long periods of orbiting, there is no point in making faster air liners or indeed in making them as fast as they now are.

There ought to be a real attack on take-off, taxiing and landing practice so as to cut down the waste running. Now that we have an air liner which can do London-Paris in about half an hour, there is no sort of sense in adding stacking periods of another half an hour or more.

Customs Maze

THEN there are the customs, currency and immigration delays. These have steadily grown worse with every war of liberation that has been fought until now the wretched air traveller spends more time having his bags examined and his papers looked at than he takes to do two or three hundred kilometres in the air.

In fact if the Rolls-Royce Nene engined Viking were to go into service the ordinary traveller could expect to spend ten times as long on formalities, terminal journeys and stacking as he spends on the journey itself. The position has reached a ludicrous stage.

Talk of turboprop or turbojet air liners or of any increases in the speed of air travel is so much nonsense until there is some effort to accelerate the formalities at each end. Terminal delays are the curse of air travel more than of other kinds of travel because they absorb a greater proportion of the total time.

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THE LADY WITH A LINE...

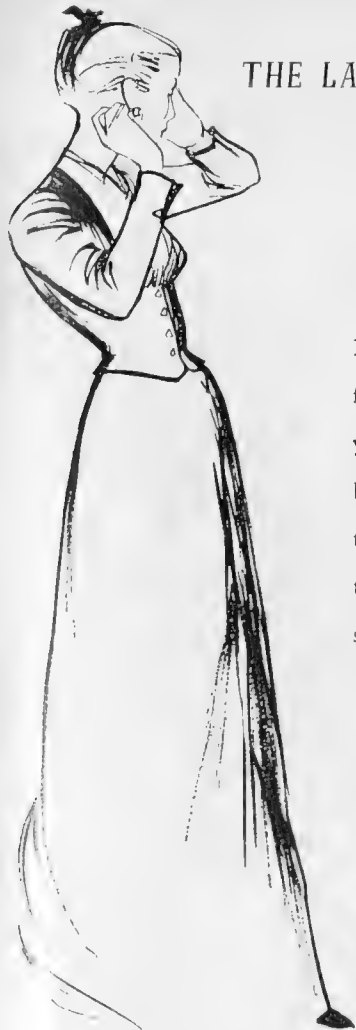
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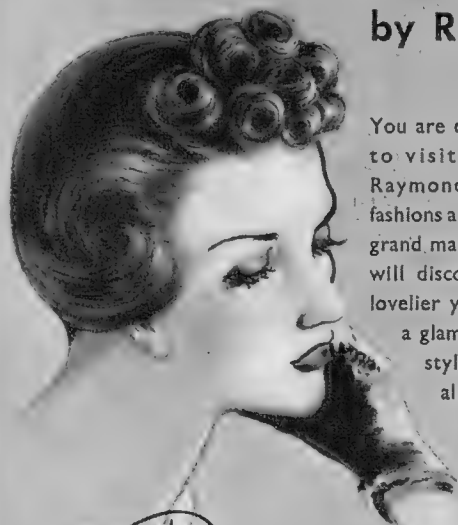


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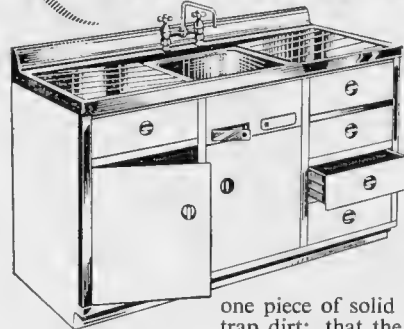
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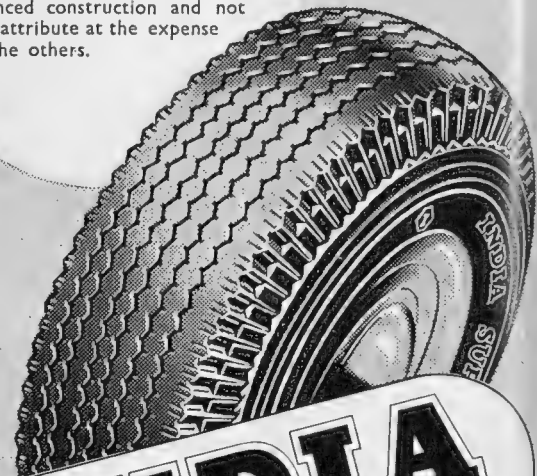
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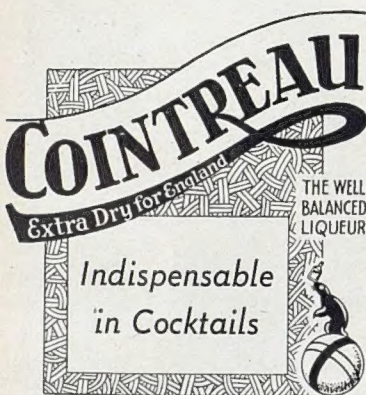
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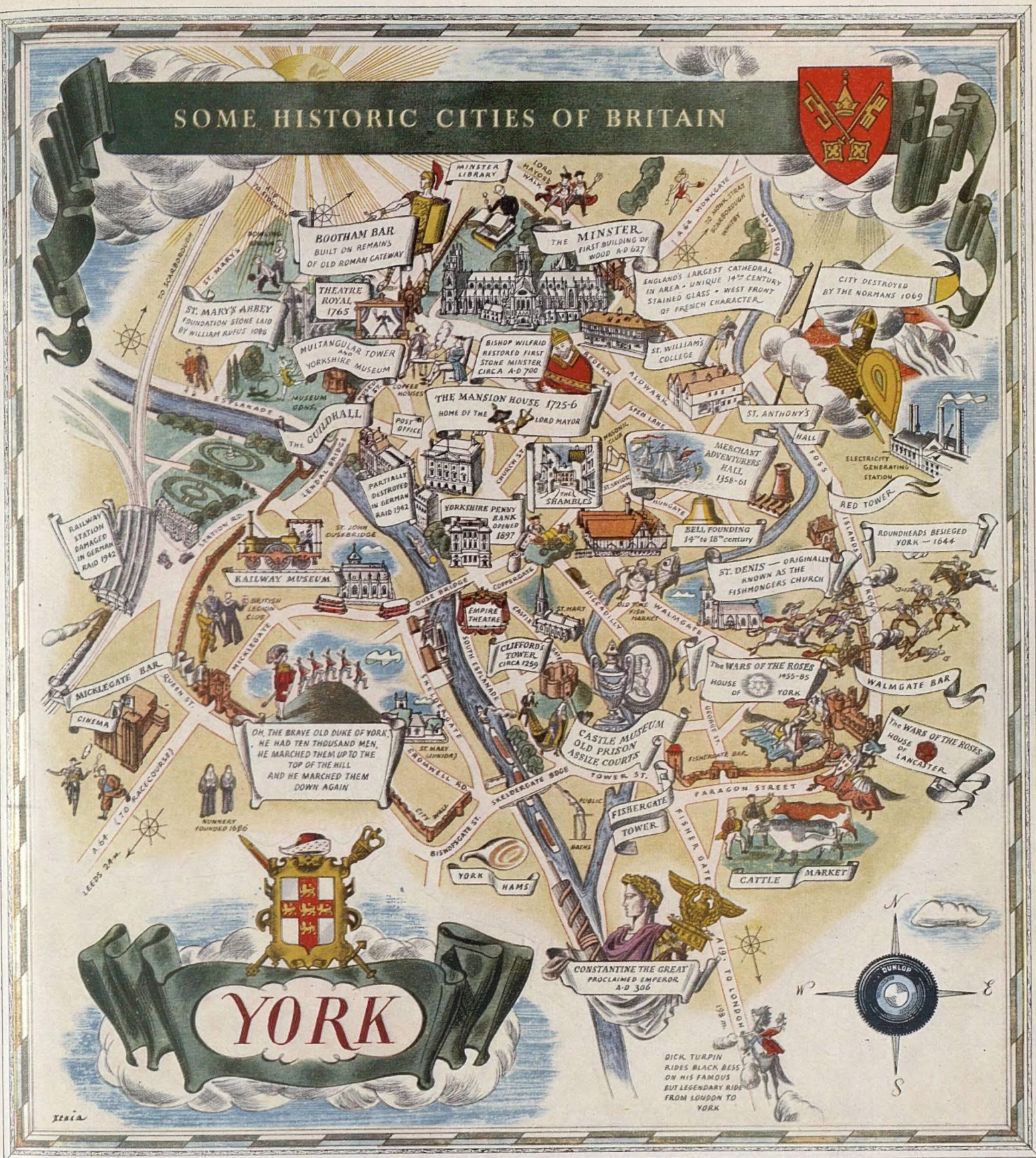
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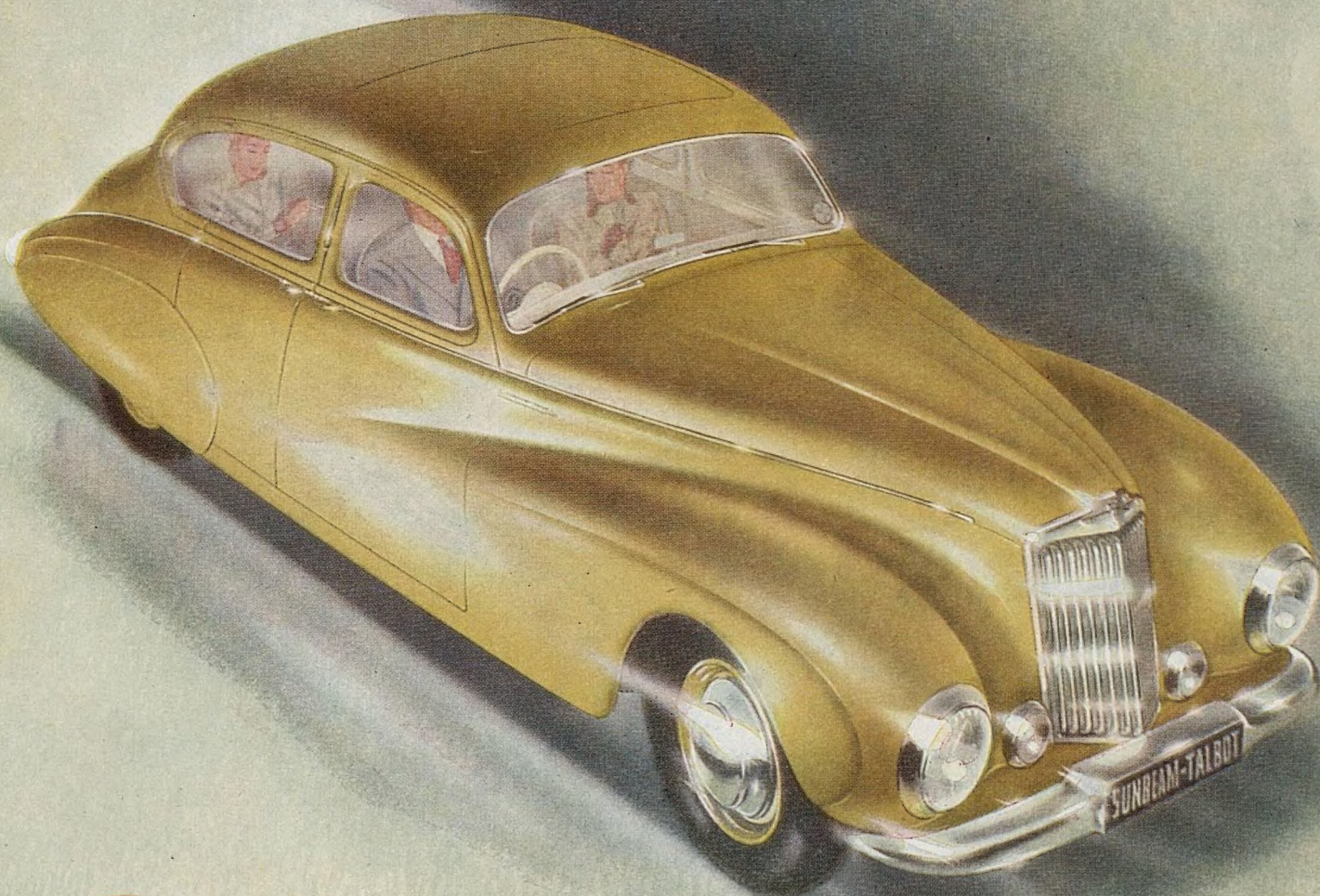


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